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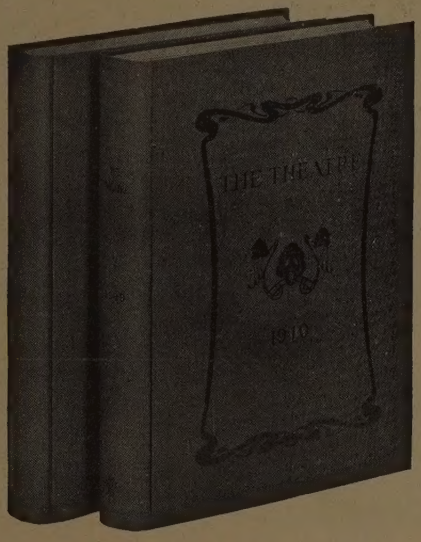

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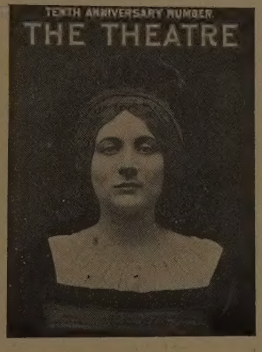

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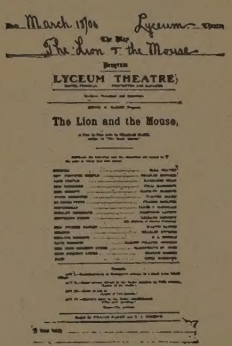
March 1908 Lyceum
The Lion & the Mouse
LYCEUM THEATRE
The Lion and the Mouse,

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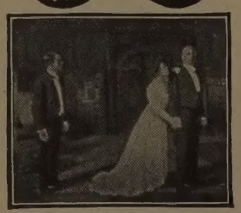

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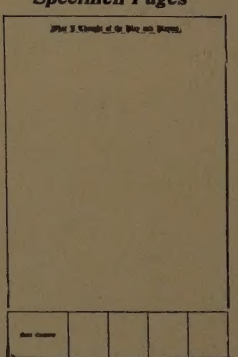

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 8, 10, 12, 14 West 38th Street, New York

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XIII JUNE, 1911 No. 124

Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres.; Louis Meyer, Treas.; Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City

Matzene

ROSE STAHL
Who will be seen next season in Charles Klein's play, "Maggie Pepper"

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

LYRIC. "THE LIGHTS O' LONDON." Revival in four acts by George R. Sims. Produced May 1 with this cast:

Squire Armytage.....Edward Emery
Harold Armytage.....William Courtenay
Clifford Armytage.....Charles Richman
Marks.....Frank Hatch
Bess Marks.....Doris Keane
Seth Preene.....Holbrook Blinn
Hetty Preene.....Leonore Harris
Joseph Jarvis.....Thos. A. Wise
Mrs. Eliza Jarvis.....Jeffreys Lewis
Shakespeare Jarvis.....Marguerite Clark
"Jim".....Charles Raines
Philosopher Jack.....Douglas Fairbanks
Percy De Vere, Esq..Lawrance D'Orsay
Inspector of Police.....J. H. Davies
McSorley.....Thomas Q. Seabrooke
Another Policeman.....C. E. Lark
Detective Waters.....Ulrick Cillins
Detective Cutts.....Edward Lenay
Mr. Skeffington.....C. E. Harris
Porter at the Workhouse...John Fenton
Mr. Brown.....James Bobst
Mr. Smith.....George Flagg
Joey.....Sidney Ray Melven
"Trotters".....Edward Morris
First Coster.....Harry Lane
Second Coster.....Frank Purvis
Sal.....Josie Hayward
Man in the Park.....Harry Davies
Annie.....Clarice Burke
Hostler.....William Betts
Janet.....Amy Meers
Market Woman.....Clara Davis

That "The Lights o' London," revived after an interval of about thirty years since its first production at the Union Square Theatre, should seem dimmed, is natural enough from various causes. All greatly successful plays, whether famous from intrinsic merit or not, are immediately and persistently paraphrased by the smaller dramatists, so that in time all the situations and everything of striking interest in them is used up and made familiar to the public in other plays. Thus the commercial instinct of the theatre devours its own breed. This does not happen with certain plays of inimitable genius, such as "The School for Scandal," but melodramas, which exist almost entirely from situation and lack sincerity, are subject to this usage.

The first melodramatic scene in "The Lights o' London," in which the squire is murdered by the poacher and the innocent son arrested as the murderer, is so old and outworn that it can only be taken seriously if the action otherwise, largely by means of the actors portraying the characters, contributes a compensating reasonableness. The play is thoroughly English, and, when played at the Union Square Theatre, it was direct from London, and in much of its business and in the outward expressions of character it was true to its nativity. The play had some inimitable touches in it. The traveling showman and his wife were so English that any abatement of their peculiarities and extravagance would have rendered them ineffective. Caricatures perhaps they were, but they had qualities that were so engaging to our sympathies and so welcome to our imagination that they gave the best and most touching human note to the performance. In this production the showman is a pure comedian, fat and jolly Thomas A. Wise, a figure that could never convince one of the pinch of poverty and of the exuberant spirit that was its antidote; while the tender-hearted sharer of his privation was Jeffreys Lewis, who, with all deference to her as an actress, is as hard as flint. Thus, one of the inimitable parts of the original play went for little or nothing. The very individuality of the actors in what is called an all-star performance destroys the very illusion that is

Photo Mace, Denver, Colo.

Miss Mary Garden recently visited the Park of the Red Rocks, at Morrison, near Denver, Colorado, where she sang in the open air theatre. The above picture shows Miss Garden's arrival at the Amphitheatre, or, as she herself expressed it, her "entrance into Jerusalem"

absolutely necessary in a melodrama that, in certain passages, otherwise is preposterous.

The mishaps of the first night's performance brought laughter that was not wholly undeserved. The taking of calls after each act or set scene by the all-star actors parading in front of the curtain is alone enough to destroy the validity of the piece. No revivals of famous plays can be made with success after this fashion. The old plays should be subjected to revision. The last act in particular is such a jumble of obvious and foreseen conclusions that it does not meet the requirements of the better art of the day. The production met with disaster largely because it was overweighted with all-stars. Among these stars were William Courtenay, Charles Richmond, Frank Hatch, Doris Keane, Holbrook Blinn, Thomas A. Wise, Jeffreys Lewis, Marguerite Clarke, Douglas Fairbanks, Lawrance D'Orsay and Thomas Q. Seabrooke.

Actors should be selected for their fitness and not for their names. The plan of reviving actors, who do not need to be revived, is directly opposed to the intent of reviving an old play. A real service in many directions might be done if members of the profession not so well known, but often better fitted for the parts, should be given their opportunity.

WALLACK'S. "A CERTAIN PARTY." Musical farce in three acts by Robert Hood Bowers. Produced April 24 with this cast:

Homer Caldwell	James Seeley	Ikey Finklestein	George Sullivan
George Caldwell	Alfred Kappeler	Jerry Fagan	Frank Grom
James Barrett	Mike Donlin	Mrs. Lorimer	Beatrice Moreland
Jerry Fogarty	John T. Kelly	Grace Fairweather	Nena Blake
Sydney Finch	Harold Hartsell	Mrs. Jeremiah Fogarty	Louise Dempsey
Danny Clark	Arthur O'Keefe	Miss Depuyster	Marie Ashton
Roundsman Timothy Moline	Tom Jaffola	Miss Brompton	Esther Bissett
Atkins	John Peachey	Miss Ogilvie	Ruth Lloyd
Larry Dunn	John Pierce	Mary	Susanne Willis
Handsome Harry	Quayle Settliffe	Maybelle Carrington	Lillian Herbert
Buck Powers	Andrew Brannigan	Lena	Carolyn Parsons
Patrick Reilly	Andrew Brannigan	Carrie Keyes	Ruth Lloyd
Barney Rafferty	Eddie Cline	Norah	Mabel Hite

Individual comic force is not usually found in women and their accomplishments, but Miss Mabel Hite, in jumping from vaudeville to the regular operatic field, bids fair to hold her own. She is tricksome and ingenuous in diverting business. The musical farce in which she appears has little cause for existence, but it has a consistent story which tells of certain political conspiracies and financial transactions which are brought to a favorable issue by a maid in the service of a vulgarly rich woman. Incidental to the action, something unusual in a comic opera, Miss Hite has some good songs, which she sings piquantly: *I Want Another Situation Just Like That, Walking Delegate, Get the Hook, Emerald Isle,* and *You're Going to Lose Your Husband.* John Kelly sings *Fogarty,* with the assistance of every able-bodied person on the stage, a rollicking burlesque that is worth the while. Mike Donlin, who is the husband of Miss Hite, as well as a baseball celebrity, was kept in view at judicious moments.

FOLIES BERGERE—VAUDEVILLE. "HELL." A profane burlesque in one act. Book and lyrics by Rennold Wolf. Produced April 27 with this cast:

Maude Adams	Ada Lewis	Clergyman	John Marble
Statue of Liberty	Elizabeth Goodall	Mlle. Montparnassus	Mlle. Lenclud
Herald	Leslie Leigh	Prima Donna	Kathleen Clifford
Room Clerk	Arthur Lipson	Police Captain	W. C. Gordon
Devil	Otis Harlan	Dancer	Emily Lea
Janitor	W. C. Gordon	Saleswoman	Ada Lewis
Hell Boy	Marion Ford	Actress	Geraldine Gerard
Trust Magnate	Theodore Marston	Messenger Boy	Kittie Devere
Mrs. Maxon Newrow	Mayme Kelso	Battling Beresford	Taylor Holmes

"TEMPTATION." A ballet in one act, by Alfredo Curtis, with music by Edmond Diet. Produced on April 27 with this cast:

Rene	Emily Lea	Favorita	Yvonne Renon
Lily	Fraulein Novotna	Spirit of Smoke	Mlle. Cavallori
Spirit of Pleasure / Spirit of Games	Signorina Borghini	Lady Nicotine / Champagne / Voluptuousness	Mlle. Britta
Eunuch	Waldo Heinemann		

"GABY." A satirical revuette in three scenes. Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith and Robert Smith. Produced on April 27. with this cast:

Mrs. Lyon Hunter	Elizabeth Goodall	Gaby	Ethel Levey
Dolly Longreen	Kathleen Clifford	Toreador	W. C. Gordon
Royal Governess	Ada Lewis	Izzy Smart	Taylor Holmes
King Manny	Laddie Cliff	Martini	Arthur Lipson
First Messenger Boy	Erma Bauer	Wiley Fox	Otis Harlan
Second Messenger Boy	Helen Marlowe	Spanish Dancers	Arenera Duo

The Folies Bergere, of New York, the latest addition to an already too lengthy list of theatres, has at least one thing in common with the famous Folies Bergeres, of Paris—its name. As a playhouse it is most attractive (*Continued on page vii*)

Sarony ALICE BRADY

Daughter of the well-known manager, and now playing Olga, the maid-in-waiting in "A Balkan Princess"

White

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE FOLIES BERGERE, AT FORTY-SIXTH STREET AND BROADWAY, SHOWING THE COMBINATION OF THEATRE AND RESTAURANT

Winter Gardens—The Old and the New

SINCE the beginning of the last century there has been in New York City a theatre with the attachment of "Garden" to its name. The Mount Vernon Garden, which opened as a summer theatre on July 9, 1800, "far out of town," that is, at the northwest corner of Leonard Street and Broadway, makes an early link in the chain of theatrical gardens in which Niblo's, the Winter Garden and the Terrace are other links. Memories of the old Winter Garden, which fire destroyed completely in 1867, were stirred from their ashes when, the other day, a very modern, an extremely different place of amusement was opened, called by the pleasant, old-fashioned name.

A superstitious manager might have avoided the use of this old name, for the history of the Winter Garden, dating from its building in 1850, and then called Tripler Hall, after its builder, is irregularly chequered, showing more black squares for misfortune than white ones for luck. Mischance seized it at the very beginning, for Mr. Tripler put it up on the west side of Broadway, nearly opposite Bond Street, in order that Jenny Lind might sing there first in America. The building was not finished in time, so the honor went to Castle Garden. But the new hall was opened by a lesser although a beautiful voice, Madame Anna Bishop's in October, 1850. Sontag and Alboni gave concerts there in the same season, and two years later Jenny Lind did sing in the Winter Garden, and Camilla Urso, then eleven years old, gave her first violin recital in this country.

That persistent and malignant enemy of New York's early playhouses, fire, destroyed the new hall four years later, and when it was rebuilt, Metropolitan Opera House was the name over the door. Nobody called it by that sounding title, preferring to use its sub-title, which was the New York Theatre, and here, under the management first of Henry Willard and Harry Eytinge, then of James H. Hackett, Laura Keene and William E. Burton, its story becomes a replica of the Broadway Theatre of that day, most of the actors, foreign and native, playing at either house. Julia Dean, Edward Eddy, Frank S. Chanfrau, Mrs. George Vandenhoff (Miss Makeah), Melinda Jones, Mrs. F. B. Conway, Mrs. Farran, George Boniface, are names found on the yellowing playbills of both houses. But the Metropolitan, as it was called in 1855, had the glory of sheltering the famous Rachel. Glory was nearly all the celebrated tragedienne got there, for she did not draw in New York. To eke out the expenses of her American tour, Rachel gave readings, and her brother and manager, Raphael Felix, cut down the coal bills by refusing to heat the theatres he leased for her engagement. At the Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, his paring policy produced the attack of pneumonia, from which she never fully recovered. Her death in 1858 is said to have been caused by the rigors of her American tour.

EXTERIOR OF THE NEW WINTER GARDEN AT FIFTIETH STREET AND BROADWAY

Sarony

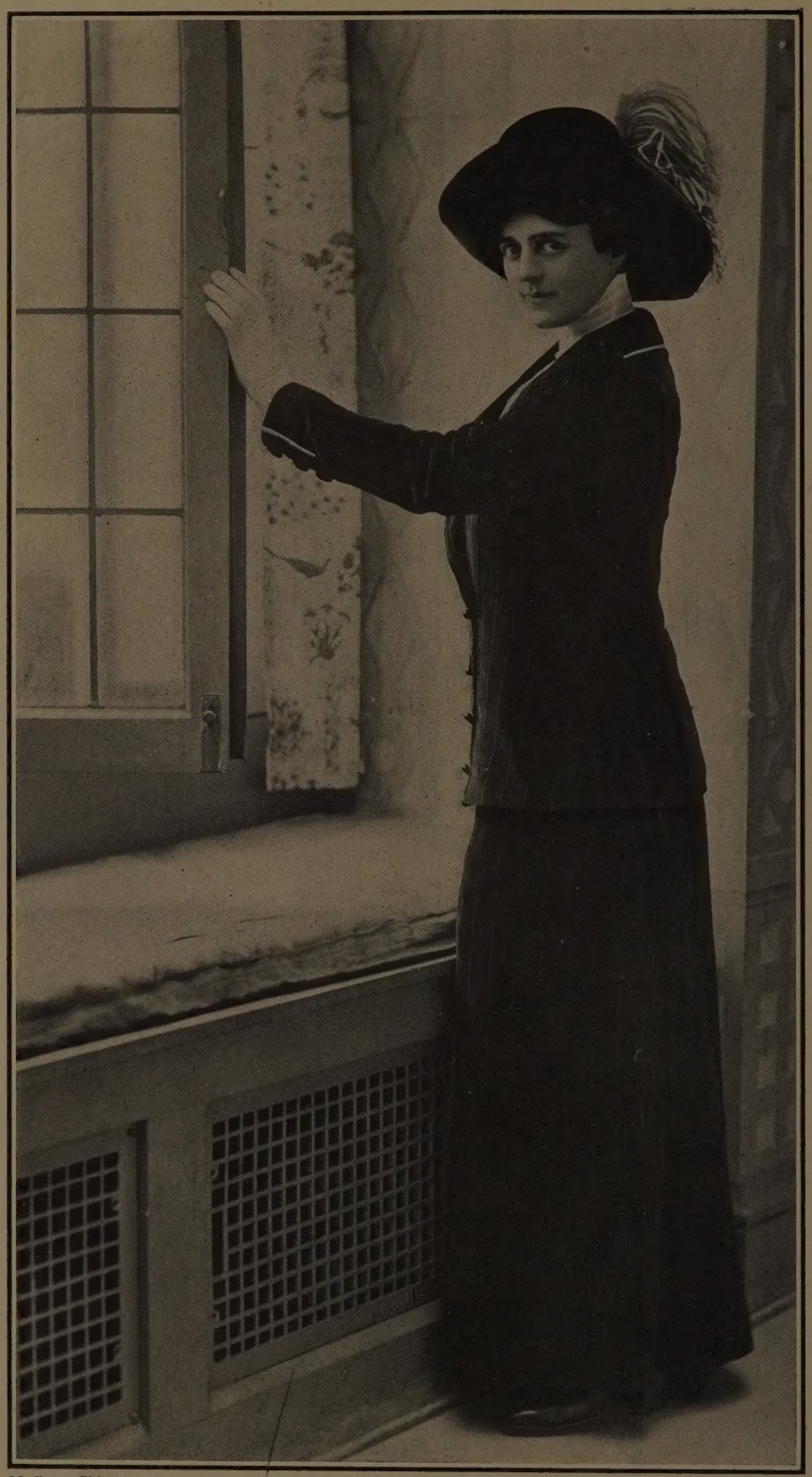
MLLE. DAZIE AS LA SYLPHIDE, A DANSEUSE AT THE WINTER GARDEN, NEW YORK

Laura Keene's Varieties became the next name of the theatre when this ill-fated manager obtained the lease. On March 17, 1852, "Camille, or a Moral from Life" was acted here for the first time. It was quite a new version, in which all Camille's misfortunes happened to her in a dream, and one of the characters, played by Emily Lesdernier, was a vision of Camille's mother. Laura Keene played Camille, and turned her out spotless in the last act. George Jordan played Armand, and Charles Bass, Papa Duval.

Although the rent for the house was only $400 a week, poor Laura Keene saw herself in arrears at the end of the season, and while she was endeavoring to finance her second season, William E. Burton bought the house over her head (there was a bitter newspaper controversy over this, and in the end Burton's cunning proved his undoing), and opened it in 1856 as Burton's New Theatre with "The Rivals," in which Agnes Robertson, Polly Marshall, E. L. Davenport, Mrs. Davenport and Dion Boucicault appeared. Later Sara Stevens and Jane Coombs made their first American appearance in this house. Indeed, its roster shows many famous names—Edwin Booth played Richard III in the season of 1857, Sara Stevens acting Lady Anne; dashing J. W. Wallack, Jr., appeared for the first time in this city as Wat Tyler, and John Brougham bid for American favor in "The Rivals." In the same year, and in this house, "Dolly" Davenport made a scandal when he saw his wife, Lizzie Weston, and Edwin Forrest in a box near the stage.

The next season saw a new manager, Henry C. Jarrett, and the policy of Burton was continued with varying financial success. Foreign stars, Charles Mathews among them, played their English successes here. That actor was liked in his original character of "Dazzle" better by the New Yorkers than in "Charles Surface," and Charlotte Cushman played her repertoire, "Fazio," to "Meg Merrilies," and Barry Sullivan came over as a "shooting star." This genial actor made more money for the house than the great tragedienne.

After a precarious existence as the New Metropolitan, the theatre was closed in the summer of 1859, and extensive alterations and improvements were made in it under the direction of Dion Boucicault. When it re-opened as The Winter Garden, with a stage 100 feet wide, and foyer and lobby profusely decorated with artificial "spiney" and "knobby" plants, scented, according to Joseph Jefferson in his "Memoirs," with something like bay rum, New York was invited to come and marvel at its splendor. It was asserted, without really expecting anybody to believe it, that the splendor had cost the enormous sum of $20,000.



Moffett, Chicago

GERTRUDE ELLIOTT

Who is appearing in a new play by Joseph Medill Patterson, entitled "Rebellion." Recently seen in "A Dawn of a To-Morrow"

The Winter Garden's first bill was "Dot," Boucicault's adaptation of "The Cricket on the Hearth." The cast included Joseph Jefferson as Caleb Plummer, Harry Pearson as John Peerybingle, A. H. Davenport (Dolly) as the Stranger, Mrs. John Wood as Tilly Slowboy, and Agnes Robertson as Dot.

In this rapid review of the first decade of the existence of the Winter Garden, it will be seen how changeful was the policy of its various managers. A circus season filled in between legitimate theatrical performances, and Italian opera in '55. In this year, under the management of James H. Hackett, Grisi and Mario sang in New York. Mr. Hackett starred himself in "Rip Van Winkle" in this house in 1858, and the same year Barton Hill made his first appearance in New York in a play supposed to be original until the French version turned up of "Mésalliance." P. T. Barnum, after the destruction of his museum, took his turn of managing the Winter Garden, but he could not be said to have had his usual good fortune, sharing with other managers the uncertain luck of the house. It was never comfortable, too warm in summer and too cold in winter, the acoustics were bad, while its proportions, having been planned originally for a concert hall, were awkward to "dress" theatrically.

Photos White

1. Leslie Leigh. 2. Frances Corson. 3. Gertrude Barretto. 4. Beverley Frances. 5. Elizabeth Goodall.

SOME OF THE FAVORITES AT THE NEW FOLIES BERGERE, NEW YORK CITY

The second play performed here was a war drama, which successfully "straddled" the burning question of slavery. This was the "Octoroon," staged by Joe Jefferson, who was in the cast besides as "Salem Scudder." The initial performance occurred on January 1, 1860, and henceforth well-known names to a generation of playgoers still living mark the bills. These include Matilda Heron, who played in "Lesbia" in January, 1860; Mrs. John Wood in "Ivanhoe" in February of the same year, while in the following March Kate Bateman appeared in "Evangeline."

On Christmas eve of '61, Jefferson brought to the Winter Garden his own version of "Rip Van Winkle," which Boucicault's adept hand had not yet smoothed into a truly successful play, and the names of Lucille Western, Lawrence Barrett, and Lotta Crabtree follow in quick succession as starring there. So we reach by a process of elimination the great event in the history of the Winter Garden, no less than the performances of "Julius Cæsar," in which Edwin Booth played Brutus, Junius Brutus Booth played Cassius, and John Wilkes Booth was the curled and scented Antony. The first performance of this brotherly trio took place on November 25, 1864. All New York turned out to hear them, and at the end of what was a long run, even for Shakespeare, in those days all New York assembled again in the Winter Garden to see Edwin Booth decorated with a medal. In this performance Edwin Varrey played Cæsar, and after his name was printed *"his first appearance."*

During this season of Shakespearian revivals, stage chroniclers set down with many dry cackles the meagre facts of the first and only "Booth" joke. It was perpetrated by Edwin Booth on Jean Hosmer, who played Katherine to his Petruchio. Somewhat out of humor with her stately method of portraying the shrew, Booth one night dyed his moustache, and left a long, black streak on Miss Hosmer's powdered cheek. The success of this "joke" might fairly have started Booth on a jester's career, but alas! tragedy already dogged his path and was soon to overtake him.

With another name, that of Amelia or Minnie Hauck, who made her début at this house as Proscovia in "Etoile du Nord," the end of the famous names associated with the old Winter Garden is reached. Some of us who saw this New York prima donna in her final appearances, capering somewhat heavily as Carmen on the stage of our Metropolitan, and singing too sadly false, find it difficult to share the raptures of the great-grandfathers who "bravoed" themselves hoarse at her début. But so passes the glory of the stage. The Winter Garden itself, with a final performance of "Our American Cousin," went up in flames—its site was embellished by a Grand Central Hotel, and its very name sank out of knowledge of the thickly crowding youngsters who see, in the new house opened for their amusement under the same title, merely another lounge for killing time in. Tripler Hall soon lost its provincial mildness in the quickly spreading city, the succeeding names given to the place never "stuck," but Winter Garden did. Despite its numerous misfortunes this theatre, under its borrowed Parisian cognomen, added at least as much as its rivals to the stage history of New York.

WILLIS STEELL.

ETHEL GREEN
Appearing as Margie Melville in "Dr. De Luxe" at the Knickerbocker Theatre

"Why is a thing funny?" asks Rupert Hughes, author of "Excuse Me," in the *N. Y. American*. "There are lines and situations so devoid of unction that nobody can make them go, and nothing is dismaler than a great comedian in a bad part. But no comedian is so great and no line so funny that their combined laugh cannot be killed. The best successes must be carefully watched lest they be ruined by the fatigue or the sharp practice of the actors. Restlessness is one of the most fatal poisons stage humor knows. Whether the actor himself or some other actor fidgets, the result is the same. An audience must focus on one point at a time, or one pair of lips, one pair of eyes, or one emotion, or it ceases to be an audience and becomes a disordered mob. It is easy to kill the best laugh ever conceived."

Otto Sarony Co.

ROBERT MANTELL AS IAGO IN SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY, "OTHELLO," AT DALY'S THEATRE

Lax, N. Y. MME. AGATHE BARSESCU

Talented Roumanian actress recently seen at Carnegie Lyceum in several German plays. Next season Mme. Barsescu will make her début here as an English-speaking actress

The New Theatre—Its Past and Its Future

IF anyone asked what was the *sine qua non* condition in order to make any theatrical enterprise successful, there would be a chorus of answers: "An unlimited supply of cash money." Sydney Rosenfield once started a stock company at the Savoy Theatre, and his prospectus declared that the performances would be continued "regardless of box office receipts." It was an alluring device, but it had no more chance of permanency than houses with empty benches did at the New Theatre.

There are several reasons why the experiment on Central Park West fell short of success, and perhaps the underlying cause was the grave error into which the millionaire promoters were led by the late Heinrich Conried, who made the serious mistake of advocating a theatre modelled upon the same plan as those in his native Germany.

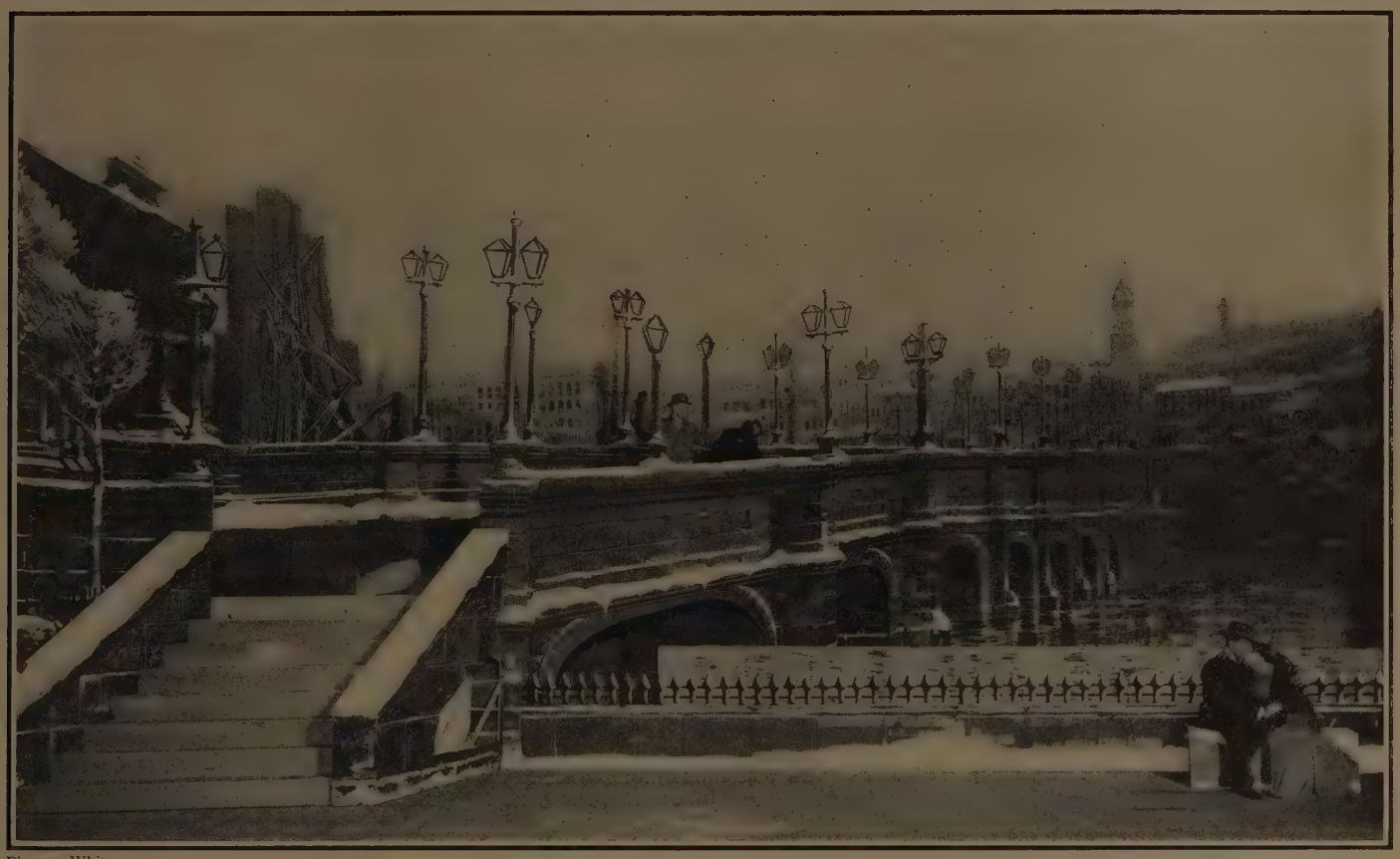
It may be recalled that long before the New Theatre project was launched, the American Dramatists' Club gave a dinner at Delmonico's in furtherance of the defunct National Art Theatre plan at which Mr. Conried was the guest of honor. Upon that occasion Mr. Conried outlined his ideas as to an endowed theatre, and also intimated the possibility of combining the two styles of entertainment under one roof, *i.e.*, the lyric and dramatic. He was told then and there that this would result in a house too large for ordinary theatrical performances, but the warning fell upon deaf ears. If the Founders had consulted some one who had had a practical experience with American theatres a lot of trouble and money would have been spared. Mr. Conried fell back upon the statement that the Français and the Burg Theatre in Vienna have auditoriums about the size he advocated. He ignored the fact that the Anglo-Saxon school of acting is entirely different from the Continental school, which is not only declamatory but tricked out with an abundance of gesture, facial display and unrest, all of which, however, help the actor to get his meaning over the footlight, and are most helpful and needful in a big house. With our actors it is quite different; their style is purely colloquial and sometimes to their discredit, it must be admitted, unintelligible, owing to faulty and unschooled diction. At the New Theatre many of the actors were English, and, with a sprinkling of Americans, the *ensemble* of accents was often very far from harmonious. Add to this a vast and spacious auditorium, and the auditor found himself out of touch with the players. This was most noticeable in social comedy, in which the action of the piece may depend upon a *finesse* of acting. The public soon discovered these defects. By a curious psychological element in human nature, theatregoers are ever more ready to pull down than to build up, ever ready for excuses to—remain away from any theatre. Add to all this the noisy fanfare by overzealous disciples of what was trumpeted as a new era in the theatre world, and one has more than ample reasons for the downfall of a theatrical enterprise, no matter how well it may be backed with money.

Then came in the repertoire scheme, also a Continental idea. No one but the subscribers took kindly to this scheme, which is not in the American blood. Moreover, it was soon discovered that the only theatrical entertainment that promised to thrive were productions that filled the eye like "The Blue Bird" and "The Piper." Comedies like "Don" were lost in such a big house.

With spectacular productions comes spectacular cost, heavy *running* expenses and no repertoire system. One or two, or at the most three, performances a week could result in but one thing—spectacular loss. Take "The Piper," for instance, the first performance was January 31st, and the close April 8th. Therefore, in about ten weeks this play had thirty-five performances, just a fraction less than three a week. It was impossible upon that basis to get back the cost of production. The success of "The Blue Bird" suggested its transfer to the Majestic Theatre, where it had one hundred and two performances. The piece made a little money, whereas in its home theatre, with its vast seating capacity, it could have literally coined money. The repertoire idea killed all chance of this.

Yet this does not fully explain the disappearance of a surplus fund said to have been close to $600,000. Where did over half a million of dollars go in two years? The following facts may explain some of its leave-taking, but not all; because the books of

Scenes in the All-Star Revival of "The Lights o' London" at the Lyric



Photos, White

Charles Richman Holbrook Blinn
ACT IV. THE FIGHT ON THE BRIDGE

William Courtenay Doris Keane

Leonore Harris Holbrook Blinn
ACT IV. SETH PREENE DISCOVERS HIS DAUGHTER AT "THE HAWTHORNES"

Sidney Melven Thomas Q. Seabrooke
ACT IV. McSORLEY, THE OFFICER, QUESTIONS JOEY, A STREET ARAB

the theatre would alone show that. One cogent reason was that the theatre when opened was really not entirely completed. Numerous costly errors were discovered. Take, for instance, the drop curtain, designed originally to move by electricity; it at once developed that this power moved it too slowly, and hydraulic power was substituted. This cost $2,700 extra. The same thing occurred upon the inauguration of the Hippodrome. In fact, the pioneers in the management of that house and the New Theatre may be fitly compared as to experiences and results. Before the Hippodrome was opened Messrs. Thompson and Dundy, the then lessees, in order to avoid the employment of a great number of stage-hands to move the heavy scenery, built an electrical apparatus at a cost of $45,000. When tried out it was found that it would not move, either.

Moffett, Chicago

GEORGE ARLISS

Appearing in the title role of Louis N. Parker's latest play, "Disraeli," which will be seen in New York next season

The first season of the New Theatre the steam heat was kept going night and day, in order to dry out the house. This last season the average coal bill for regular heating purposes was $700 a month. Economical housewives who read these figures may now be reconciled to theirs. The coal bill at the Lyceum Theatre is $50 per week. There were on the salary list of the New Theatre 384 people, and the figures to pay this army of people frequently reached $16,000 a week. The pay-roll fluctuated, of course, according as the number of actors, supers, musicians required, as the repertoire for the week varied. Then there were the rehearsals. These cost the first season $100,000. How is this possible? asks the lay mind. It was nothing at all unusual to have an orchestra bill for extra work of $500 a week. The first season the electric light bill was $1,400 a week; this last season more care was used. There was less extra work, and it was worked down to $800 per week. Then there were night shifts of the entire mechanical force and stage-hands and supers; under the union wage scale these men are paid double time. It was found that under the repertoire system, and producing ten or twelve plays a season, there was no time for the actors to leave the theatre for their meals, so a refectory to feed them was installed on the roof, where most of the rehearsals were held.

Then there was the cost of production. "The Blue Bird" cost $41,000. A fair estimate for the ten plays produced this season would be $300,000. Everything for each production was brand new and of the best quality. No productions were worked over as is frequently done by the bread-and-butter manager. To-day there is a storehouse full of new New Theatre scenery in Jersey City, which costs $10,000 a year to keep it—and the dust. Among other illuminating items of expense may be mentioned *forty-seven* telephone extensions. This season the contract with the N. Y. Telephone Co. was $2,200 on the basis of 45,000 messages. They numbered just four over 50,000. What were the receipts? The first season of thirty weeks realized $465,000. The house held, on its revised seating arrangement, about $2,700. "The Blue Bird" drew $24,000 in nine performances. The loss accrued because of the enormous cost of incidentals, unforeseen emergencies, when there was no time to figure on cost, and then producing a répertoire under one roof and one box-office. When the so-called commercial manager produces ten, fifteen, twenty plays in a season, he has that many companies as magnets, going from point to point, and each production running for all it is worth.

To sum up, the New Theatre tried to do for plays on a basis of $2.50 for the best seats what the Metropolitan Opera House does for opera on a basis of $5, and which next season is to be raised to $6 in order to stand off the ever growing menace of a deficit. When one considers all of these facts and figures it really is an easy sum of arithmetic to determine where the New Theatre surplus went. It was only a question of time when the millionaire promoters would balk at losing money hand over fist.

It is a well-known formula that any dramatist can sit out in front and rewrite to perfection any other dramatist's play. It is also comparatively easy to sit in one's editorial *sanctum* and tell a manager how he should have run his three million dollar theatre to success. While the THEATRE MAGAZINE pretends to no particular genius in theatrical management, it ventures to offer a few suggestions as to the past, which may be good object lessons for the future. They are made without malice and for the good of the cause. The alliance with a commercial manager was a mistake. The New Theatre should have occupied an absolutely independent and impartial position between all syndicates. All the successes of the New Theatre were farmed out to certain managers. Of course, the New Theatre retains an interest—but whatever the profit, their company should have had all of it for their own treasury. The science of management to-day is simply this: Successful road productions pay for the loss that may be incurred at the home theatre. And

(*Continued on page vi*)

Two New Singers for the Metropolitan

AMONG the new-comers at the Metropolitan Opera House next season will be two singers of exceptionally brilliant powers, Heinrich Hensel, tenor, and Hermann Weil, baritone. A contract was signed by Mr. Gatti-Casazza with the former a year ago; the latter is a recent acquisition. Both come to us by way of the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth.

A youthful appearing artist capable of Siegfried, Parsifal, and the heroic rôles, one of athletic build, yet slender, is rare to the eye; these visual qualities are realized in Hensel, whose voice, reaching to C sharp in alt, is sympathetic, powerful, and trained in the old bel canto school.

His career in opera began fifteen years ago as lyric tenor, which developed with time into the heroic, bringing him to the Court Theatre, Wiesbaden, an object of special artistic interest to the German Emperor by reason of his annual residence there.

The son of a wealthy manufacturer, Hensel was destined to enter the army as officer after his term of service in the mounted cavalry at Carlsruhe. Prior to that he had the fullest educational advantages at Castle Rüppor, his father's home in the Pfalz. As in the instance of others placed in similar position he began first to sing as amateur in local and charity concerts, emerging after delayed consent into the more serious undertakings to which he had proved his right.

Frequenters of the Imperial Opera in Vienna in days gone by will recall in appreciative memory the tenor, Gustav Walter, and the subtle beauty of his singing, both there and in his lieder concerts, which were musical events in the Kaiserstadt. It was to this now veteran artist that Hensel went for training, which likely proved the ablest influence on his future. Afterward he studied in Carlsruhe with Hermann Rosenberg, also a tenor, and finally with Maestro Emmerich in Milan.

HEINRICH HENSEL AS SIEGFRIED IN "GOTTERDAMMERUNG"

The début of Hensel was made at the opera in Freiburg, Baden, as Stradella, in 1897, the beginning for him there of a three years' engagement. This ended, he became associated with the Frankfort opera, where he sang first as Lionel and in kindred lyric parts, for which the smooth fluency of his delivery aptly fitted him. For six years he continued on in operas of the old school, entering by degrees upon such rôles as Turiddu in "Cavalleria," Canio in "Pagliacci," and others of the modern Italian type. In these he sings with a fervor and dramatic abandon seldom accomplished by any other than a born Italian, and his spirit in them, so widely opposite to that found in German opera houses, has humorously proved a stumbling-block and test to more than one conservative, routine conductor there.

In those years at Frankfort his voice grew gradually in power and volume, until at Wiesbaden he entered upon the heroic tenor repertory with Siegmund and Siegfried, as well as Lohengrin and Walter von Stolzing, though still retaining a vocal elasticity which left him capable of Faust, Manrico, Tamino, and the rest.

No place in the world gives better opportunity for schooling in acting than the German opera houses. At Frankfort Hensel's rôles ranged from the spiel-oper, a type of comedy with music, of which he was especially fond, to operetta, and opera. Only those who have themselves had practical experience will know the value in that touch of lightness and elasticity which play in comedy brings. No matter how broad and serious parts may be undertaken later, flexibility and grace are present in them as subtle trace of such schooling. In Hensel's greater rôles there is breadth and the authority of tradition, an authority strengthened by his recent study at Bayreuth of the music-dramas with Siegfried Wagner, but it is to his early routine in comedy that their naturalness and smooth ease are due.

It was during his engagement at Carlsruhe, which followed on the one at Wiesbaden, that he was chosen by Siegfried Wagner to create the tenor part in his opera, "Banadietrich." Always on the alert to secure able talent for the Festival performances at Bayreuth, the outcome was Wagner's engagement of Hensel for this summer's presentations there, and in which he will sustain Parsifal as chief rôle.

Throughout Germany Hensel is widely known, having sung in the greater festivals; in the concerts of the Wagner Societies, and in the Court Opera at Munich. In the first performances in German at Brussels of the "Ring," he assisted with Van Dyck and Van Rooy, under Otto Lohse's direction; in Holland he has sung in Amsterdam, and was invited for the earlier Covent Garden season in London, preceding that of Bayreuth.

Last summer in that little Franconian city, which will shortly be the Mecca of Wagner music-lovers the globe over, he and Weil were studying their rôles for the next year's Festival. And there I met them. The Hotel zur Post, an old-world home of artists at Bayreuth, was filled with singers whom Siegfried Wagner had found in journeys throughout Germany during the interval between Festivals.

Already bustling preparations for the forthcoming one were in progress, although a year would still elapse before its opening. From early morning the singers, with Siegfried Wagner at his studio, were finishing the detail of their rôles, which, any one of them, at any point of the opera, he can interrupt to give

from memory both music and action with unerring authority.

In the long afternoons there might be a glimpse of Frau Cosima Wagner herself, loitering in the garden at Wahnfried, or driving slowly up the hill toward the Festspielhaus, whose reins she once held so firmly, but with years has surrendered to her son. The town, though, is still actively under the spell of her intellect and personality; there seems instinctively the idea that this wonderful woman, who on her husband's death sustained alone his ideals, and Bayreuth's best glory, the Festivals, will arise and settle any problem too deep for the rest. One cause of their adherence, too, is the Bayreuth feud with Munich, whose Prinz Regenten Theatre Festivals of Wagner's works they look upon as unjust encroachment.

Bayreuth itself, though, would be an artistic satisfaction without any Festival; its old palaces, ornate and weather-grimed; the home of Wagner; the chapel where Liszt is buried; the church where the Order of the Prussian Eagle was instituted; the Hermitage, and all the peaceful beauty of the outlying country where Jean Paul Richter wandered and gained inspiration, combine to make it so.

But there is a greater charm about the town in those off seasons than may be found there when the whole world flocks to its Festivals, and an opportunity for one to better learn the artists as men and women. Hensel proved a frank, manly fellow. Of medium height, he is blonde-haired, with eyes that deepen in coloring with animation, and physically well developed, though slender, in a way, perhaps from his ardent horsemanship, a souvenir of army training.

HERMANN WEIL AS HANS SACHS IN "MEISTERSINGER"

In that happy time, with no outsiders to put restraint on the individual and his personality, the whole genial assemblage of artists, simple, gifted people, worked the day through at their music, singing folk songs at night in the garden, or in the long hall of the restaurant overlooking it. A life more homely could not well be pictured, with dinner at noon, in the old German fashion, and a supper to be lingered over from twilight on, until by ten o'clock the house, and incidentally Bayreuth, was sunk in darkness.

Exceptions came sometimes, with a concert in the Artists' Room of the Post, a sanctuary where none but the elect may enter, a room whose walls are hung with autographed photographs of singers and conductors who have helped to make the Wagner Festivals famous. Such were moments that no paid function could equal, bringing with them the cameraderie, the keen appreciation of every good point made, the quick knowledge of artistic values, the unreserved sympathy from each to each, which spur the singer to his utmost.

Hensel sang on one such night from "Siegfried," "Walküre," "Meistersinger," in succession, with splendid, youthful fervor, dropping presently into the big air from "Pagliacci," Hermann Weil, a thorough musician, playing the accompaniments, and as prank, at one point that evening, gradually transposing a number higher until at its close Hensel took C sharp in alt with ringing power. Bringing reminder of his early training with Walter, he fell presently to singing lieder by Richard Strauss and Schubert, with a finish and subtle coloring that brought their cameo qualities into strange contrast with the heroic breadth of Wagner and Leoncavallo's emotionalism which had preceded them.

Hermann Weil, like his colleague, is a young man in the early prime, sunny, big-hearted, frank, qualities that, with his big frame, fit him well for the rôle of Hans Sachs in "Die Meistersinger," which he is to do this summer at Bayreuth. He is a discovery of Siegfried Wagner, who first heard him in the part at the Stuttgart Royal Opera last season. Weil is a pupil of the Stuttgart Conservatorium, which still has clinging to it memories of Lebert, Pruckner, and other great ones of yesterdays in music. All the baritone's young life has been passed as boy, man, and artist near, or within, the confines of that old city, whose pride, from king to workman, centres in its opera, on whose boards many a singer has grown into fame.

The new baritone, in face and coloring, free from disguise of make-up, is not unlike Ludwig II, of Bavaria, and a man who has grown to full stature in quiet, remote environment, where work and thought have filled his days. From the emotion with which he has thrown himself into his rôles, his face shows the deep, strong lines in its expression which always mark the actor who feels fully what he does.

Romance came into his life early with the meeting of his future wife, also a student of singing at the Conservatorium, and their marriage followed closely on his début. Since then he has sung very nearly all the repertory allotted a first baritone.

The striking qualities with Weil as an artist are the power of his delivery, and the rich amplitude of voice that combine to arouse memories of by-gone baritones whose name in the cast list would crowd a theatre for Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," a rôle among his best interpretations.

For all Weil's Southern sunniness, there is in him a strain of mysticism, a gift of conveying the almost overwhelming, sinister gloom of the Dutchman, condemned to eternal wandering because of vain search for that one thing which will release him; to hear him sing that music is to feel it inspired with a dramatic eloquence which the run of to-day's singers seem only superficially to grasp.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

Alexander Charles Lecocq, the French opera bouffe composer, died recently at the age of 77. Lecocq was the composer of "La Fille de Madame Angot," "Girofle-Girofla," and many other successful operas, and amassed considerable wealth. But his early life was spent in great poverty. He was born in Paris of very humble parents, and he had to put himself through the Conservatory for six years by great self-denial.

Offenbach advertised in a newspaper that he would give the entire proceeds of the first performance of his "Docteur Miracle" to whoever would write the most successful score for it. Lecocq entered the competition, and, against a great number of competitors, tied with Georges Bizet for the prize. In 1872 his "La Fille de Madame Angot" was produced and ran for 500 consecutive performances.—*N. Y. Times.*

Bangs STEWART BAIRD
Recently seen as Axel in "The Piper" at the New Theatre

Sarony GERTRUDE DALLAS
Playing Stephanie in the new comedy "The Great Name"

Bangs REX McDOUGALL
Who is appearing as Ned Stephens in "Nobody's Widow" at the Hudson

Wall Street the Arbiter of the American Stage

HAD any one the temerity to suggest twenty years ago that our foremost men of finance, in fact, our multi-millionaires, would be found conspicuously figuring in the conduct of the country's leading opera houses and theatres, he would have been the subject of ridicule, for at that period opera was so precarious an undertaking that the sheriff was an active factor, and it is recalled that Colonel Mapleson once remarked that the ultimate destination of the impresario was either the county jail or the madhouse.

Max Strakosch, who conducted grand opera in the old Academy of Music for more than a decade, died penniless, so did Max Maretzek, and the first impresario to die, leaving enough for his funeral expenses, was Maurice Grau, and in this instance the man's health was sacrificed; the same may be said of Herr Heinrich Conried, who was able to stand the strain for three years only. Oscar Hammerstein in some way has been immune from the fate to which all of his predecessors were destined, but he has been known to express himself as weary of it all, and there are those who say that had he conducted the Manhattan Opera House another year, under the conditions prevailing there, his health and fortune would have been annihilated, and even the gold laden Victoria Theatre, which was the source of supply by which the deficits at the Manhattan Opera House were liquidated, would have passed into other hands.

The day of the impresario, however, is of the past. We are now in the era of "the thirty thousand dollar a year director," for in all of the four grand opera houses in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, the entire risk financially has been shouldered by men of great wealth, who have come forth and have eliminated the impresario for all time.

In New York Otto H. Kahn has been the predominating factor, and it must be stated that he has shown much public spirit. It is due to his energy and perseverance that grand opera has been placed upon the dignified basis which now characterizes the régime at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Kahn, in conjunction with a half dozen of his colleagues, are responsible not only for the great enterprise at 40th Street and Broadway, but also for the New Theatre, now in its second year with its ultimate success assured.

These gentlemen, who had made their great fortunes in the financial and industrial world, by reducing everything to figures, decided the grand opera problem in the manner which obtains nowadays by eliminating competition. Thus it was that the operations of the most worthy impresario of his day, Oscar Hammerstein, were ended for all time as far as this country is concerned in the distinctly grand opera field.

In Boston Eben D. Jordan was the one to provide the hub not only with a modern opera house, but his conduct of the same has been such that despite the tremendous expense, the first season was terminated without loss, while by reason of a community of interest procedure, which exists between the Boston enterprise and the Metropolitan Opera House directors, it is expected that the present season will show a profit, though the modern idea is not to permit of any surplus, and in any case the funds remaining at the end of a successful year would be invested in betterments.

In Philadelphia the problem has been a difficult one; Mr. Hammerstein gave the Quaker City a beautiful million dollar opera house, which for two years he alone maintained without the least aid, but at the close of the last opera season he found his position almost untenable. He threatened that unless aid was forthcoming that he would lease the opera house to the theatrical syndicate, claiming that he had stood losses of several hundred thousand dollars, but he could not go further. At this point Mr. Edwin T. Stotesbury came forward, and he agreed to meet the weekly deficits from that time on; this amounted to $40,000 at the close of the season 1909-10. Mr. Stotesbury and Mr. Kahn conferred, with the final result that the former gentleman bought the Philadelphia opera house outright from Mr. Hammerstein, and is now solely responsible for its future maintenance.

In Chicago a number of gentlemen, headed by Mr. John C. Shaffer, secured the Chicago Auditorium, and the present season has been a very successful one, with grand opera presented on almost a prodigious scale with the principal singers of four opera houses available to Herr Dippel, who is the salaried impresario in charge there.

The present writer is not inclined to prophesy, but it is not a far-fetched prediction to presume that within five years opera houses, such as are now existing in the cities named, will be found in all cities of a population of 500,000 or more, and these will be conducted by local interests, probably with some understanding or arrangement with the existing directors of enterprises

EVERYWOMAN

The curtain closed; the final accents fell
Upon mine ear with wonder and delight,
My fancy glowed with visions, all bedight
With silver, gold and green that tinged the spell.
And then I knew I'd heard a *Master* tell
A modern tale, in poesy's figures hight
An allegory. Never did a knight
Nor lady fair e'er hear such numbers swell
From pageant in the square of olden time,
As those which that great singer of our land,
Who died as Fame drew nigh with laurel crown,
Attuned to cantos five with faultless hand.
Those old, old truths retold by Walter Browne
Were never wove in nets of finer rhyme.

JOHN FRANKLYN PHILLIPS.

Champlain & Farrar MABEL HITE AND COMPANY IN ACT II IN "A CERTAIN PARTY" AT WALLACK'S THEATRE

in that field. Grand opera, however, does not monopolize the interest of men prominent in the financial world. The Shubert enterprises, which include fifteen theatres in New York City, besides the Hippodrome, and sixty or more theatres throughout the United States, as well as two score of important attractions, are largely controlled by Messrs. George B. Cox and Joseph L. Rhinock, both of Cincinnati, where they stand high in the political realm.

The New Theatre is practically maintained by the same interests in control of the Metropolitan Opera House. Already another theatre has been found necessary to house the successful production, "The Blue Bird," which was crowded out of the Central Park West establishment by its policy of tabooing long runs. In due time these successes will multiply. Boston will want its New Theatre, and perhaps Chicago and Philadelphia will not wish to be regarded as of secondary importance, and then what is to happen? Is it too much to presume that with four opera houses in as many cities, under the control of practically one body of men who also are responsible for the leading dramatic house, that the day is not far off when the entire amusement calling will be amalgamated into what may yet be known as "the united amusement company"?

We may not have long to wait, too, before problems of music and the drama will be solved in Wall Street through stock and bond operations. That the theatrical profession should have reached the stage where control of its resources should be sought by such men as are now openly identified with both musical and dramatic entourages, is sufficient for the present, for it is not so long ago that few of the managers in this field had reached the dignity which comes from the possession of an office for the conduct of their business affairs.

ROBERT GRAU.

Norah (Mabel Hite) Jerry Fogarty (John T. Kelly) James Barrett (Mike Donlin) Norah (Mabel Hite)

SCENES IN ACT II IN "A CERTAIN PARTY," RECENTLY SEEN AT WALLACK'S THEATRE

MRS. FISKE IN HARRY JAMES SMITH'S COMEDY, "MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

THE CORT THEATRE

THE GARRICK THEATRE

THE ILLINOIS THEATRE

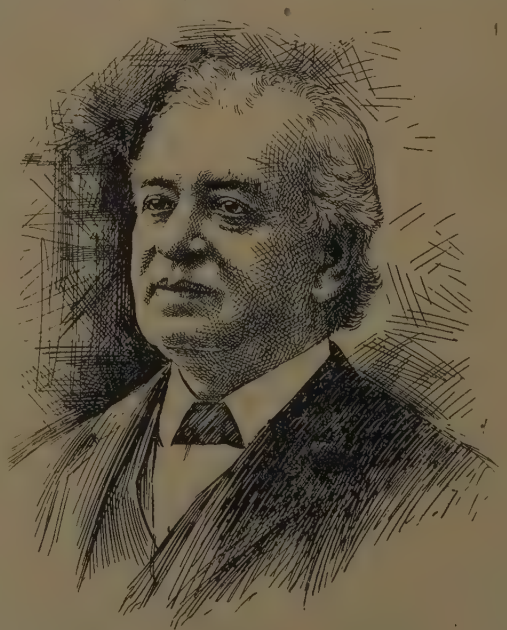
Theatre Beginnings in Chicago

IT was James Hubert McVicker who built the first theatre on an elaborate scale in Chicago, now a city of splendid modern playhouses. Mr. McVicker made his first appearance as an actor in Chicago at Rice's Theatre, on Tuesday evening, May 2, 1848, and just fifty years later, less one day, his widow surrendered the control of the theatre that still bears his name to the late Jacob Litt.

Mr. McVicker, born in New York City, February 14, 1822, was the last of five pioneers of the theatre who gave the drama its start in Chicago. The others were Alexander Mackenzie, Harry Isherwood, Joseph Jefferson, the elder, and John B. Rice. Let us look backward a bit:

On August 13, 1833, an election of village trustees was held in Chicago, and only twenty-eight votes were cast; and it is presumed that every citizen who was entitled to a vote performed his duty at the polls. On Tuesday, February 18, 1834, the Chicago *Democrat* printed the first advertisement ever published in the village of Chicago in the interests of public amusements. It announced that on the following Monday evening, February 24, a Mr. Bowers would give an exhibition at the Mansion House, at No. 88 Lake Street, owned and occupied by Dexter Graves. Among other things the advertisement said: "He will draw a red-hot iron across his back, hands, etc., and will partake of a comfortable warm supper by eating fire balls, burning sealing wax, coals of fire and melted lead." By December 9, 1835, the population of the village had grown to 3,279, and there were forty-four stores in the place. On March 4, 1837, Chicago was incorporated as a city.

On October 17, 1837, Alexander Mackenzie and Harry Isherwood gave the first theatrical performance in the history of Chicago. The scene was the dining-room of the deserted Sauganash Hotel, which stood on the east side of Market Street, about one hundred feet south of Lake Street. The play was "The Idiot Witness, or A Tale of Blood," a melodrama by J. T. Haines, which was extremely popular in those days. Chicago was then seven months old, and its population had grown to 4,179 inhabitants. The spot on which this first performance was given possesses a double significance for all patriotic Americans, for in after years a wooden structure was erected on the same site and called The Wigwam. It was in this temporary building that the Republican party held its first convention and nominated a popular Illinoisan for the presidency on May 18, 1860. His name was Abraham Lincoln.



Collection of Edward Freiberger
JAMES HUBERT McVICKER
The first to build a theatre on an elaborate scale in Chicago

In May, 1838, Alexander Mackenzie and his brother-in-law, Joseph Jefferson, the father of our beloved "Rip Van Winkle" Jefferson, opened a theatre on the second floor of a wooden structure at 8 and 10 Dearborn Street. They called it The Rialto. Here on October 18, 1838, Chicago saw its first performance of Bulwer's "The Lady of Lyons," which was given as a benefit for Mr. Mackenzie at the request of fifty-one prominent citizens, this being the first theatrical benefit ever given in Chicago. The cast is of extreme interest:

Claude Melnotte	William Leicester
Beauseant	William Warren
Glavis	Greenbury C. Germon
Colonel Damas	Thomas Sankey
Deschapelles	James Wright
Gaspar	Charles Burke
Officer	Mr. Watts
Pauline	Mrs. David Ingersoll
Madame Deschapelles	Mrs. Joseph Jefferson
Widow Melnotte	Mrs. Alexander Mackenzie

William Warren in after years became the great Boston favorite. He was a cousin of the late Joseph Jefferson. Greenbury C. Germon was the husband of Jane Anderson Germon, a cousin of the late Joseph Jefferson, and later became the original Uncle Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." James Wright was the husband of the late Joseph Jefferson's aunt, Marianne Fisher, who in turn was the aunt of Clara Fisher Maeder. Charles Burke was the late Joseph Jefferson's half-brother, and the author of the second play of "Rip Van Winkle." Mrs. Joseph Jefferson was the mother of the late Mr. Jefferson, while Mrs. Ingersoll and Mrs. Mackenzie were the elder Joseph Jefferson's sisters.

On Monday evening, September 9, 1839, the *American*, of Chicago, printed the first regular advertisement in behalf of a legitimate theatrical performance that was ever published in the city of Chicago. The play was "The Magpie and the Maid, or Which Is the Thief?" followed by "The Irish Tutor, or New Lights."

The first structure to be erected in Chicago for purely theatrical purposes was built by John B. Rice, who opened Rice's Theatre on Monday evening, June

28, 1847. Three plays were given, namely, "The Four Sisters," "The Wool Dealer," and "The Young Scamp." One of the players was Mrs. Louisa Hunt. Later she married George Mossop, one of the comedians of the company. After his death she married a still more eminent comedian, John Drew, the father of the John Drew of this day. John B. Rice erected his theatre on the south side of Randolph Street, just east of Dearborn Street, directly opposite the site of the present Colonial Theatre. And it cost the munificent sum of $4,000!

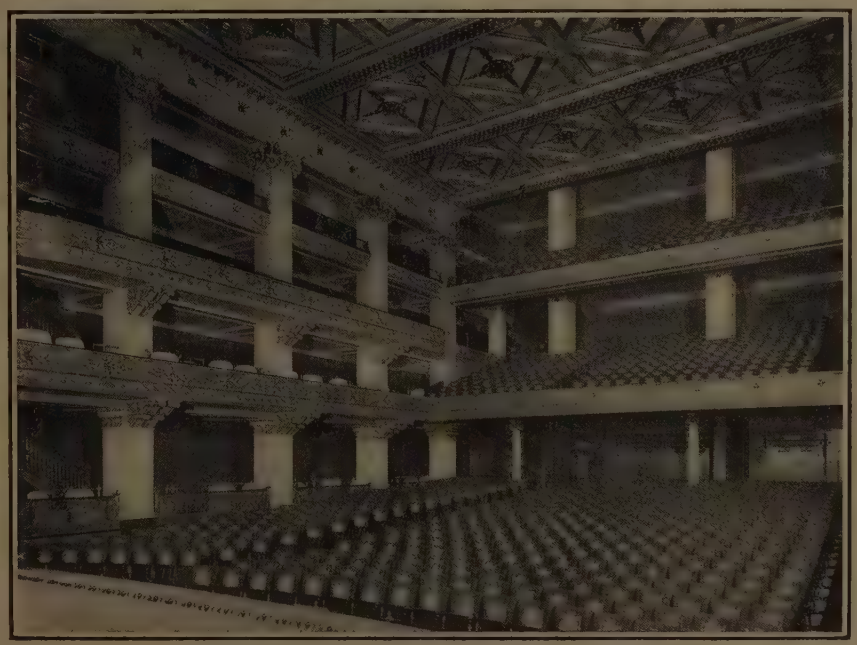
THE OLD SAUGANASH HOTEL
In the dining room of which was given the first theatrical performance in Chicago

At Rice's Theatre on Tuesday evening, May 2, 1848, Mr. McVicker made his first appearance in Chicago. At first he had great difficulty in finding a home in Chicago, for in those days all boarding houses there were closed to actors, who were looked upon as "undesirable citizens." By referring to the program issued on the occasion of Mr. McVicker's first appearance, it will be noticed that the player then spelt his name McVicar. Mr. McVicker did not receive any elaborate press notices at the time of his début in Chicago. The Evening *Journal*, published the next day, merely said: "The pieces last evening went off with more than usual spirit, and 'Lot Sap Sago' drew forth rounds of applause. The new débutants, Mr. Green and Mr. McVicar, were also well received." On Friday evening, October 20, 1848, Mr. McVicker had his first benefit in his new home, appearing as Sergeant Drill in "Paul Jones," Roundy Bebee in "The First Glass," and as Macbeth in a travesty on the tragedy of that name. Mr. McVicker was the first actor to play Mr. Golightly in "Lend Me Five Shillings," in Chicago, playing the part on April 27, 1849, with Mrs. John B. Rice as Mrs. Phobbs.

During the month following Mr. McVicker's first appearance in Chicago an unusual state of affairs existed there. Five places of amusement were open at one time! At Raymond & Waring's Menagerie one could see the elephant. At Winter's Diorama one could behold "Jerusalem and the Court of Babylon." At Rice's Theatre one could applaud good acting. Winchell's Entertainment was the place where one could hear singing, while Tom Thumb was on exhibition at the Court House, "the place to be kissed," for every girl felt it her duty to be kissed by Tom Thumb.

On Thursday evening, November 5, 1857, the theatre bearing Mr. McVicker's name was opened to the public. A stock company headed by H. A. Perry appeared in "The Honeymoon" and in "The Rough Diamond," Mr. Perry playing Duke Aranza in the first-named play. Mr. McVicker appeared in both plays. All the famous actors of the day played at McVicker's. Edwin Booth made his first appearance in Chicago at McVicker's on May 31, 1858, playing "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," followed by "Richelieu," John Howard Payne's "Brutus," and "Richard III." Edward A. Sothern made his début here in 1861. James H. Hackett, the great Falstaff of his day, came in 1865, and Mary F. Scott-Siddons in 1869. The theatre was completely remodeled in 1864. Joseph Jefferson produced "Rip Van Winkle" here for the first time in 1868. The theatre was again completely rebuilt and reopened August 29, 1871, at a cost of $90,000, the opening play being "Extremes," with Mr. McVicker as Mark Maybury. This was just six weeks before the great fire of October 9, 1871, when the theatre succumbed to the flames. It was again rebuilt, always on the same site, and reopened on August 15, 1872, with Douglas Jerrold's "Time Works Wonders." Again remodeled in 1885, it was again destroyed by fire on August 26, 1890, during a run of "Shenandoah." Once more rebuilt, it was again opened on March 31, 1891, with a performance of "The Rivals," the cast including Joseph Jefferson, William J. Florence, Mrs. John Drew, Miss Viola Allen and Frederick Paulding. At McVicker's Theatre, on a memorable Shakespeare's birthday, during a performance of Shakespeare's "Richard II," a maniac named Mark Gray fired two shots at Edwin Booth, while the tragedian was on the stage impersonating the title rôle. Fortunately, Mr. Booth escaped unharmed, and in after years he wore one of the bullets as a watch-charm, inscribed: "From Mark Gray to Edwin Booth."

Mr. McVicker was an actor-manager in the fullest and best sense of the word. His stock companies were among the very best in the United States, some of the most accomplished and popular players in the country being members of the same. For several seasons James O'Neill was the idolized leading man of the organization, playing opposite such distinguished stars as Edwin Booth, Charlotte Cushman and Adelaide Neilson. One season the company numbered among its men such eminent players as Louis James, Robert B. Mantell, Harry Edwards and Herbert Kelcey. Mr. McVicker's productions left little to be desired either in the casting of the plays or in the scenic environment. His revivals of "The School for Scandal," "A Mid-summer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest," were among the most elaborate and correct the American stage has ever known. Furthermore he was one of the foremost Shakespearian comedians of his day, although he began his long career as what was known as a Yankee dialect comedian, following closely in the footsteps of the renowned Dan Marble. Mr. McVicker excelled as the First Grave Digger in "Hamlet," Dogberry in "Much Ado About Nothing," Launcelot Gobbo in "The Merchant of Venice" and as Bottom in "A Mid-summer Night's Dream." One of his



AUDITORIUM OF THE NEW STUDEBAKER THEATRE

Photos White — John Westley — Violet Heming — Orme Caldara

THREE PRINCIPALS IN LEE ARTHUR'S NEW PLAY, "THE FOX," NOW RUNNING IN CHICAGO

most distinguished and amusing performances was that of Mr. Simpson in "Simpson & Co.," Charlotte Cushman appearing as Mrs. Simpson.

Few citizens of Chicago took a greater interest in the affairs of the city than did Mr. McVicker. He was proud of the city, its rapid growth, its people and of the theatre that bore his name. Furthermore he always had the courage of his convictions. On one occasion he delivered a public lecture entitled "The Press, the Pulpit and the Stage," in the course of which he said a great many things about the pulpit and the press that aroused the ire and the antagonism of clergymen and editors. But Mr. McVicker firmly held his own. On another occasion the elder Carter H. Harrison, then Mayor of Chicago, sent to Mr. McVicker a request for two "complimentary" seats. The request was cheerfully granted. A little later Mr. Harrison asked for one more seat next to the two previously obtained. Mr. McVicker replied that he was sorry he could not grant the request, as the house was completely sold out. Then Mr. Harrison made a personal and fervent plea for a camp-chair to be placed in the aisle next to the two seats already secured. To this Mr. McVicker said "No," as it was against the city ordinance. Mr. Harrison insisted that one chair in the aisle would make very little difference; but Mr. McVicker replied in this fashion: "Mr. Mayor, you have helped to make the laws and have insisted that I must help to enforce them. Therefore, I must insist that you abide by the laws that you have helped to make for others." Mr. McVicker won the day; but it was a long time before Carter H. Harrison forgave the manager's absolutely consistent attitude.

Mr. McVicker answered the final call on March 7, 1896, and for two years his widow conducted the theatre that still bears his name. On May 2, 1898, she surrendered its control to Jacob Litt—just one day less than fifty years after her husband's first appearance in Chicago. Mr. McVicker was buried in Rose Hill Cemetery, Chicago, not far from the grave of John B. Rice, who built the first theatre in Chicago, and that of Mrs. Rice, who was the sister of the illustrious William Warren. Mr. McVicker's remains were laid to rest by the side of his daughter, Mary McVicker, the second wife of Edwin Booth.

One of the most sensational incidents in the history of McVicker's Theatre was the delivery by the leading lady of the stock company of the famous "Reply" to the Rev. Dr. R. M. Hatfield's attack upon the player's profession. Mr. McVicker believed in fair play, and therefore permitted Mrs. Anna Cowell Hobkirk to address the audience at the conclusion of her performance of the title rôle in "Lucrezia Borgia." This was on the evening of November 20, 1865. The Rev. Dr. Hatfield was at the time one of the most prominent Baptist ministers in Chicago, a clergyman with an unusually large and admiring following. One Sunday morning he preached a sermon that was one of the most uncalled for and bitter attacks upon actors and the stage that had ever been hurled from the pulpit. Mr. Hatfield's savage outbreak proved a boomerang, for Anna Cowell answered him from the stage as follows:

"Dr. Hatfield asks: 'Is there a man who is an actor, and has a respectable character? Who is there in this house who would not sooner see his daughter in her grave than married to an actor?'

"When I read these lines I am lost in amazement that any sane man could have been found fanatical enough to place the professors of an intellectual art on the same level with traitors, burglars and murderers—to represent them as moral cretins and lepers, unfit by their loathsome impurity to fulfill the sacred duties of a husband and a father! This is a dastardly outrage upon the actor, but it is something more than that. It is also a deliberate insult to you, *to you, the people,* who have elected John Rice, a retired actor, to the high office of Mayor of Chicago."

EDWARD FREIBERGER.

Moffett, Chicago FLORENCE NASH

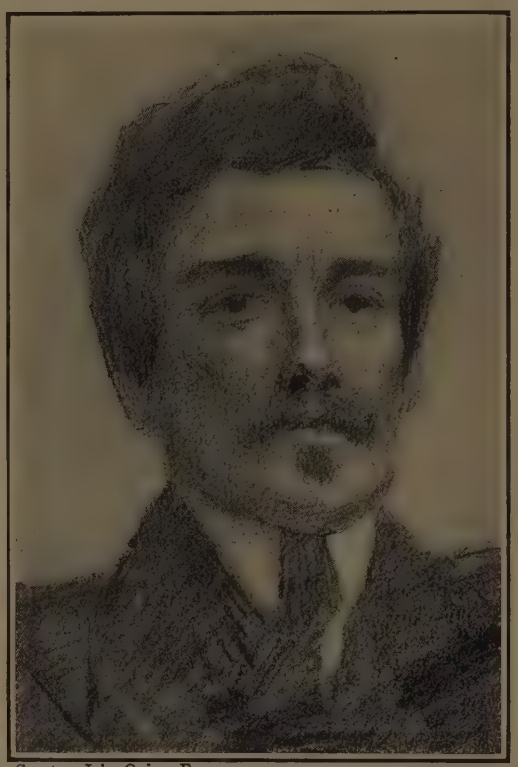
Appearing in "When Sweet Sixteen," at the Chicago Opera House

Chickering, Boston

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN IN A GREEK PLAY

Recently in Boston Margaret Anglin appeared in a blank verse drama entitled "Hippolytus," which was written for Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Booth by the late Mrs. Julia Ward Howe no less than fifty-three years ago. Miss Anglin will be seen next season in the same play at the New Theatre

A Great Irish Playwright: John M. Synge



Courtesy John Quinn, Esq.
JOHN M. SYNGE

AT least two American actresses have preceded our public and most of our critics, in knowing and admiring the work of a great Irish playwright. One of these actresses is, alas! giving her version of Co-co-ri-co! in Rostand's much vaunted drama of the barnyard. The other, Mrs. Fiske, has already presented a one-act play by the Irish playwright I am writing of—though she has yet to act it in New York.

John Millington Synge was born in County Galway in 1871, the son of a barrister who was a landowner but was, none the less, as poor as any other stay-at-home Irishman. He was educated at private schools and by tutors, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, the college of the Irish Protestants, in 1888. There he won prizes in Hebrew and Gaelic, and was graduated in 1892. Music interested him more than aught else; while still a student at Trinity he had held a Scholarship in Harmony from the Royal Irish Academy. Next, he traveled and studied abroad: Rome knew him, and Germany. He fiddled his way through Europe as Goldsmith had done before him: and if he was a less expansive Irishman, he was also a better musician. But music was not to be Synge's lifework, and, from 1895, he was in France—chiefly at Paris. Criticism was to be his lifework, and he went to work studying philology at the Sorbonne. In America, or in England, for that matter, few are the men who think that criticism demands the slightest preparation: but Synge was no average man. Silently he set himself to his task, and doggedly he pursued it. He was ever reserved among friends as among strangers; and though he made friends in France, and visited some of them at their country houses, I like best to think of him living, as he did in Paris, in the family of some shopkeeper: sharing in their little joys and disappointments, reducing his expenses by boarding with them, and learning much, both of a language and of a people, by living on equal terms with its humble representatives.

He was still studying languages, and working in the Paris schools, when another Irishman, rather better known to American playgoers, chanced to find him there: living at the time (it must have been in the winter 1898-1899) on the topmost floor of a Latin Quarter *hôtel meublé*. The visitor from Ireland was the leader of the Nationalist movement in Irish literature: Mr. W. B. Yeats. This visitor soon won Synge's confidence, and succeeded in persuading him to show some of his manuscripts. These did not impress the poet: they were "images reflected from mirror to mirror"—and not the more direct reflections from life observed and valued that Synge was capable of setting down—and did, in fact, record. So, "give up Paris," counselled Yeats; "go to the Aran Islands, and express a life that has not yet found expression."

I am grateful to Yeats: if for nothing more than showing a critic the error of his ways—and showing a playwright what was to be the scene of his biting comedies. I do not know whether the Irish poet had ever visited the Aran Islands himself—few of us know more about them than that they lie half drowned off the West Coast, not far from Connemara on the North, and County Clare on the South—but his advice was good. And John Synge took it.

John Synge's work for the stage was crowded into something under ten years. He is, after all, not the only writer of distinction whose productive period was cruelly brief. Maupassant ran his meteoric course as swiftly. But Synge had not exhausted himself in sensations when the end came, nor did he die in a madhouse. Poet that he was, he was sane as it is given to few men to be. One may qualify his six dramas—all but two of them nominally comic—as fearless, frank, and unashamed.

His little sheaf of poems and translations from the French we must pass by. His book of travels —"The Aran Islands"—it is a temptation to linger over. Here he set down many of the portraits and some of the plots that he developed in his drama. The Aran Islands are as primitive a part of the Old World as there remains — and as purely pagan. The naïvêté of the islanders is refreshing. One evening the lad Michael had been reading to the author two hours, and the latter asked him if he wasn't tired. "Tired?" he said; "sure you wouldn't ever be tired reading!" To another islander, Synge presented an alarm clock—this on his first visit. "I am very fond of this clock," Colomb told Synge on the latter's return. "It will ring out for me any morning when I want to go out fishing. Bedad, there are no two cocks on the island that would be equal to it." There was one girl there who reflected on the strangeness of all existence. They spoke of a certain town on the mainland:

"Ah, it is a queer place," she said. "I wouldn't choose to live in it. It's a queer place, and indeed I don't know the place that isn't."

Another evening they were talking of the priest:

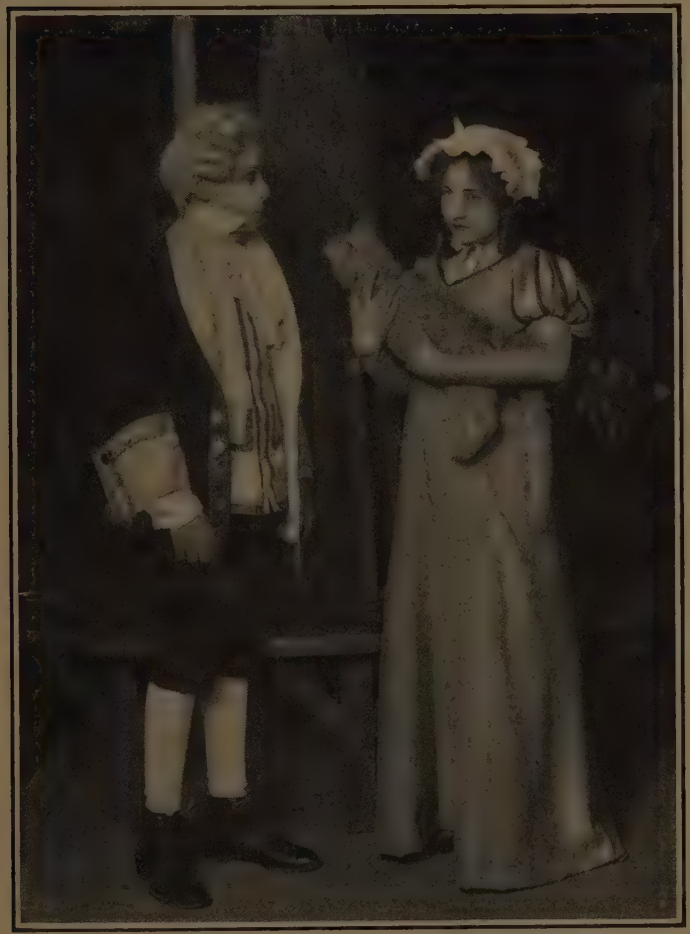
"Father ———— is gone," she said. "He was a kind man, but a queer man. Priests is queer people, and I don't know who isn't."

It was in talking with the "queer people" of the Aran Islands, and other remote and unspoiled portions of Ireland, that Synge equipped himself for the work which he left behind him—just collected in four volumes by Maunsel & Co., of Dublin, and soon to be issued in this country by the Yale University Press. Let us take, for example, the play chosen by Mrs. Fiske—"In the Shadow of the Glen."

The scene is "the last cottage at the head of a long glen in County Wicklow." There are only four characters: Dan Burke, a rough old farmer; Nora, his young wife; Michael Dora, a herdsman, nearer Nora's age than is her husband; and a tramp. This last individual, who comes into the cottage only to beg some new milk and a place to sleep in, is horrified, on entering, to perceive what appears to be Dan's corpse. "Isn't it a great wonder," he asks Dan's young wife, "isn't it a great wonder you're letting him lie there, and he not tidied, or laid out itself?" But Nora explains that her husband, who was "always queer," had promised her a black curse if she touched his body when he had died, "or let anyone touch it except his sister only." Perhaps the

Photos White Ben Benton Isabelle Lamon William Collier, Jr. Genevieve Tobin

ACT II. BROOKE-HOSKYN (WM. COLLIER, JR.) GAZES AT HIS YOUNGEST CHILD, WHOSE NAME HE HAS FORGOTTEN



Ben Benton Isabelle Lamon

Act II. The widow reminds Sir Peter that she has a snug fortune

Jean Ford Rea Martin

Act II. Mme. Lachesnais tells her daughter the story of her girlhood

SOME OF THE CHILDREN IN THE JUVENILE PERFORMANCE OF LOUIS N. PARKER'S PLAY "POMANDER WALK," GIVEN AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, APRIL 20, FOR THE BENEFIT OF ST. MARY'S FREE HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN

(1) Millicent Evans, in "The First Night"; (2) Florence Reed, with the Blackwood Stock Company, Los Angeles; (3) Bessie Wynne, appearing in vaudeville; (4) Louise Le Baron, prima donna with the Aborn Grand Opera Company

reader begins to realize the truth: which is, briefly, that Dan is not so dead as he would be taken for. The Celts of Brittany consider it singularly bad luck to pretend to be dead; Ankou, the Reaper, has, there, an unpleasant way of gathering in all who make believe to belong to him. But in Ireland it is otherwise—and Dan Burke does not suffer in consequence of his ruse. He has hoped to catch Nora in sin with the young "herd": as it is, he comes to life as vigorously as Con Cregan in Lever's novel, and is equally thirsty at his own wake. For at the close of this little comedy, he is drinking the health of herdsman Michael, and, "I don't mind you at all," he says to the ex-lover—he who is himself the abandoned husband.

As for the young wife, who was "a hard woman to please," and a "bad wife for an old husband"—she has gone out of the cottage hand in hand with the tramp. They will sleep in a wet ditch, but "it's not my blather you'll be hearing only," says the tramp, "but you'll be hearing the herons crying over the black lakes, and you'll be hearing the grouse and the owls with them, and the larks and the big thrushes when the days are warm, and it's not from the like of them you'll be hearing a talk of getting old like Peggy Cavanaugh, and losing the hair of you, and the light of your eyes, but it's fine songs you'll be hearing when the sun goes up, and there'll be no old fellow wheezing, the like of a sick sheep, close to your ear."

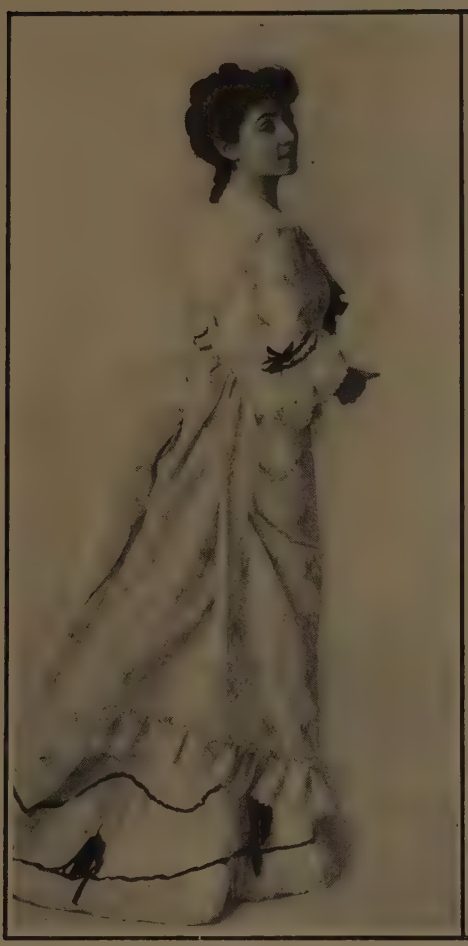
The poet's love of Nature is shared by his old blind peasants ("The Well of the Saints") as well as by the tramp of this play, "In the Shadow of the Glen." If we must use the worn words "realism" and "romanticism," let us use them thus: John Synge is a realist in his observation, a romancist in his insistence upon the yearning of men and women—even though they are of the lowest level—for something richer, something, above all, more beautiful, than they possess. His symbolism in such a play as his one-act "Riders to the Sea," is of the simplest: the play expresses the tragedy of the sea, and also the tragedy of the Celtic temperament: that is all. Synge's peasants draw no line between the natural and the supernatural: that is because he found his types in the Ireland which remains least changed by modern influences: the wind-beaten, wave-washed Aran Islands that continue to be almost as pagan as they were before St. Patrick set foot on the Irish mainland. Synge found a rare opportunity and improved it.

It is so impossible to do justice to Synge's plots in the few lines that remain to me that I mean to attempt two things only. First, in regard to the language that he uses.

Synge's language is not true English—it is the speech of Gaels who translate as they proceed. It is, therefore, an unhackneyed English: unspoiled by newspaper writers. It is vigorous, unabashed English, full of tang and full of color—yet the comedy, which is frank and open, is also cleanly. As for Synge's love for out-of-doors, that is managed, not after the fashion of playwrights who never saw autumn foliage except from a stage-box, but by a literal interpretation of all that the senses of a well-sensed man bring him in colors, and forms, and sounds, and smells. His joy in Nature finds expression that is altogether unafraid, altogether fresh, and wholly true. For Synge believed that, "in a good play, every speech should be as fully flavored as a nut or apple." And he was not a playwright-lecturer like Mr. Jones and our own Mr. Mackaye; he did not announce his belief until he had made it good in more than one play.

In the fiery paganism of Synge's dramas, that are unspoiled by theses or manifestoes, we find expressed that life of the Irish primitives which, as Mr. Yeats put it, "had not found expression." It remained for a reticent Irishman, a Trinity man and a scholar, to express it. Synge added to keen observation just the right proportion of fervor and poetic insight. He had found himself before the end came, and was destined to develop the Irish theatre just where it needs development. But he died at the age of 38—the victim of a gnawing and consuming disease—died in pain on the threshold of marriage with the actress who had played his Pegeen in "The Playboy." That play, which I have not spoiled by trying to condense, was hissed and hooted in his lifetime. Police assistance alone protected it against the fury of the Dublin clubs that had maliciously read into it an attack on the Irish character. True it is that Synge is—unconsciously, it may be—a daring critic of his own people. Yet, to-day, "The Playboy" is a favorite part of the Abbey Theatre's repertory. The author was denied the satisfaction of knowing that this would come to pass.

WARREN BARTON BLAKE.



Margaret Dale as Mrs. Noel Travers

Courtenay Foote as Viscount Delford

Leila Repton as the Duchess of Glastonbury

Photos Moffett Margaret Dale as Mrs. Travers and Elsie Leslie as Clarissa

Margaret St. John as Lady Beaconsfield and George Arliss as Disraeli

CHARACTERS IN "DISRAELI," A NEW PLAY BY LOUIS N. PARKER, PRODUCED IN CHICAGO

This piece which will be seen in New York next season, is based on incidents in the life of Lord Beaconsfield, England's famous premier. Disraeli is shown in his office at his country place and in the recepton hall in Downing Street. The plot has to do with the coup which gave England the Suez Canal. Russia is shown as doing her best, through secret agents, to circumvent the shrewd Disraeli

SCULPTURED GROUP OVER THE MAIN ENTRANCE IN ALTO RELIEVO, BY LEONARDO BISTOLFI

The Most Beautiful Theatre in the World

THE National Theatre, which is now nearing completion in the City of Mexico, will be one of the most important and beautiful structures in the world. The accompanying cut from a photograph of the building gives but a faint idea of its strength and character, as it is necessarily so much reduced that the ornamentation and details cannot be fully realized. The building is constructed entirely of white marble, much of which has been supplied from the quarries of Mexico and the remainder from Carrara. It occupies a central location in the Alemeda or park, its four approaches following the parabolical lines employed in the general architectural design of the structure. Over $8,000,000 in gold will have been expended upon the theatre before it is complete, a large part of which has been used for material and labor in Mexico, that so far as possible the nation shall benefit. Its seating capacity is about 3,000, and the building with its ramps, fountains and gardens covers an area of five acres, or more than two American city blocks.

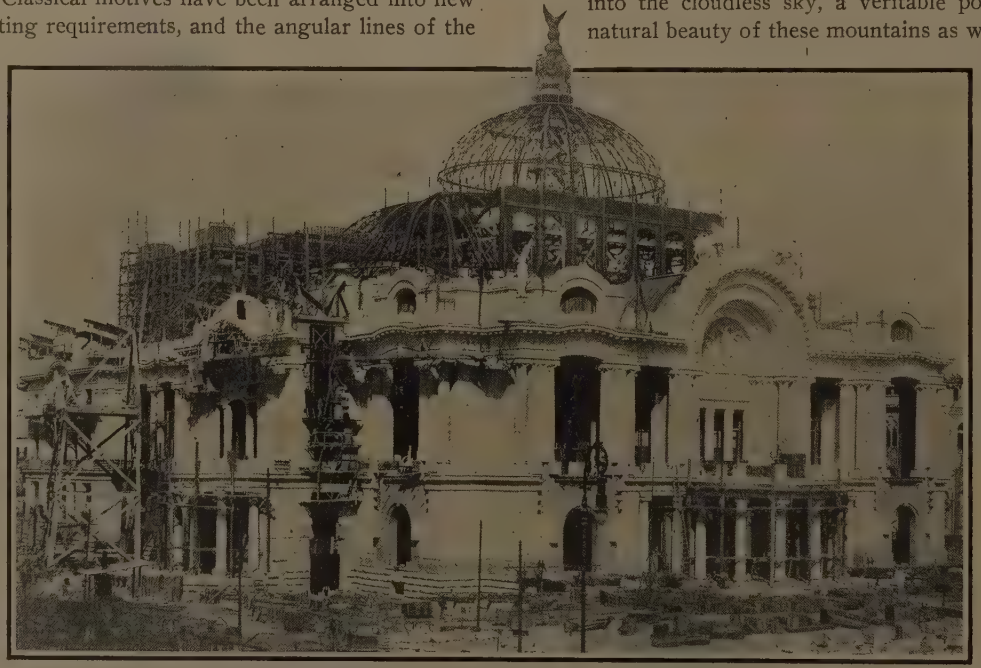
This theatre is one of a number of public buildings which have been designed for the substantial improvement and adornment of the City of Mexico, to be not only a fitting home for Mexican dramatic art, but as a perpetual monument to the progress of the Republic.

Señor Adamo Boari, the architect, has followed no absolute historical style, but designed the theatre along the lines of a transition period. Classical motives have been arranged into new forms to meet existing requirements, and the angular lines of the tympanum have been transferred into curved and parabolical forms, producing wonderfully soft and pleasing effects. In the choice and arrangement of distinctive features, Señor Boari has introduced ideas which are strikingly novel, and at the same time adapted to the artistic requirements. Notable among them is the spacious winter garden, which separates the auditorium from the ballroom. Here is a warm Italian setting with vistas of lawn, shrubbery, flowers and fountains interspersed with pergolas and richly sculptured groups, executed by such eminent artists as Leonardo Bistolfi, the most celebrated sculptor of Italy; Querol, the Spanish master, who recently died; and the Hungarian, Maroti, whose art has so beautified modern Budapest.

This massive and ornate building is unquestionably without an equal in the western hemisphere, and bears conclusive testimony of national interest and enthusiasm. Señor Boari's æsthetic treatment of the minutest details, and his work on the huge glass mosaic curtain, made specially by Messrs. Tiffany, of New York, the frieze for the proscenium arch, and the sculptured groups in the Italian garden are tributes to his patient and painstaking care. The ceiling consists of a series of arches concentrating at the proscenium, in the construction of which glass has been used, and a novel lighting scheme introduced, allowing the auditorium to be illuminated in a most effective and unusual manner.

Señor Boari devoted much time and thought to the selection of a suitable curtain, which must not only be fireproof but decorative in character. Nature had already provided a scene which assisted him in the choice of an appropriate picture for this part of the work, and he determined to depict the perpetual snow-capped peaks of Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl rising thousands of feet into the cloudless sky, a veritable poem of light. The natural beauty of these mountains as well as the luxuriant valleys are as celebrated in Mexico, and have been from the days of the Montezumas, as are the inspiring views of the Grand Canyon or the stately grandeur of the Yosemite Valley. The romantic legend connected with these peaks, and dear to all Mexicans, says:

"Long ages ago a powerful monarch ruled the land for countless leagues. He was



VIEW OF THE THEATRE NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION

proud of the great name he had won, of the conquests he had made, and the high estate he had attained, but he was prouder still of his beautiful daughter, Ixtaccihuatl. Many princes gathered at her father's court to seek her favor, but the maiden remained cold to all until Popo came. To him she gave her love. The king, however, was not quite satisfied with his daughter's choice. Popo was full of youthful promise and apparently worthy of the prize he coveted, but he had not yet proved his valor so strongly that none might doubt it, and this the king required of him. He must win a certain number of battles, and show that he was fit to govern and protect the realm the old ruler would eventually pass on to him before the maid could be his. In the meantime he was not even to see the princess, much less embrace her; but his love was stronger than the king's commands. Popo returned before the appointed time, and the lovers met in secret. The father learned of these meetings, and in his wrath he turned them into the great volcanoes. The heaviest punishment fell upon the prince, for his lady was ever to lie there cold and dead before him, while the fires of love would never die within his breast. And thus it has been; the fires which once blazed up with a terrible harvest of death and destruction have died away until now they only smoulder deep within his heart, but they still burn there for the white lady nearby lying with hands crossed on her breast in the peaceful attitude of death."

INTERIOR OF THE THEATRE SHOWING THE MOSAIC CURTAIN

In the spirit of this legend the curtain was conceived and executed. Various attempts were made with paints, with Bohemian and Venetian glass, but without success until it was suggested that a mosaic curtain of the Tiffany lustre glass would combine safety against fire with the decorative merits of a painting to express the romantic story of the two volcanoes. The Tiffany Studios sent their own artists to Mexico to make sketches from different points, so that the curtain when completed might accurately portray the grandeur of that superb country. The thoroughness of this preliminary work was supplemented by the construction of a model, so that the minutest details which might add to effectiveness should not be overlooked.

The magnitude of the undertaking may be appreciated when it is stated that the curtain contains more than 2,500 square feet of glass mosaic, and weighs 27 tons. To insure its safe transportation from the studios to the City of Mexico, it has been divided into 200 panels, each three feet square, containing nearly one million separate pieces of Favrile glass, which have been inlaid into a concrete composition impervious alike to heat and moisture. The glass was made at the Tiffany furnaces at Corona, Long Island, especially for this particular work. It has had the personal supervision of Mr. Louis C. Tiffany from the beginning, and twenty mosaic workers have been continuously employed in its construction for a period of over fifteen months. The bronze work, which constitutes the frame for this enormous curtain, was designed and executed in the Tiffany Studios Metal Factory at Corona. In this frame the same careful attention to detail has resulted in a suitable and harmonious setting. The curtain will be operated by hydraulic pressure, and the time required to raise or lower it seven seconds.

The scene shows the last rays of the setting sun, to the right of Popocatepetl, gilding the icy summits of the volcanoes and

THE HUGE MOSAIC GLASS CURTAIN MADE BY THE TIFFANY STUDIOS, NEW YORK

GLADYS HANSON, LEADING WOMAN WITH KYRLE BELLEW IN "RAFFLES"

revealing the prone form of Ixtaccihuatl, the upper slopes of the mountain suggesting her streaming, luxuriant hair. Cold and impassive she lies, while the consuming fire that burns in Popocatepetl's breast is depicted by the glowing vapor from the volcano opposite.

In the foreground fir trees stand out in bold relief, and in a gorgeous harmony of tone are displayed the variegated leaves of the bougainvillia and aralia. These and the giant cacti present a color picture truthfully portraying the tropical charm of the country. At the base of the foot hills of the mountains, a stream of water wends through the fertile valley. Above is the vast expanse of sky, the glory of the blue changing to a deep purple as night approaches. On viewing the curtain the spectator is impressed with the deftness of the artisans at the studios who executed this poem in glass. The minutest details, such as the stem of a flower or the needle of a fir tree, are as realistically pictured as are the glistening sides of the snow-covered mountains. The completed curtain illustrates the decorative and ornamental possibilities of the Tiffany Favrile glass. Its opalescence, iridescence, and the beauty of its finish lend a touch of reality to landscape scenes and pictures of natural beauty.

The curtain was on exhibition at the Tiffany Studios in this city before being shipped to Mexico, and attracted a great number of persons.

Photos Bangs, N. Y.

MISS KITTY CHEATHAM IN THREE CHARACTERISTIC POSES

The Art of Kitty Cheatham

IT was a queen who pointed to Kitty Cheatham the way of her success.

By no stately ceremonial was the way shown, but at an unceremonious tea, where Miss Cheatham had been invited to "meet some nice girls." One of them was a tall, fresh-complexioned, rosy-lipped girl who wore a lavender challie frock and a white straw hat trimmed with lilac ribbons. Her manner was cordial yet a bit shy. The name was twice repeated to the American woman before it was clear to her that the tall girl was the Princess Ena, of Battenburg, who less than a year later married King Alfonso and became the Queen of Spain.

"Miss Cheatham, won't you sing a few plantation songs for these girls?" asked their hostess, and Miss Cheatham, taking her seat at the piano, sang the weird old melodies that she had learned first from her black mammy's lips in Memphis. The "girls," each of whom was a princess royal, listened with eyes that bespoke enjoyment. Princess Ena asked with an accentuation of her shyness: "Miss Cheatham, do you ever sing *The Dollies' Dialogue?*"

"I think I remember it." Miss Cheatham struck some chords, hummed a second, then began the fantastic little melody. As she sang it she heard girlish, but politely subdued, little exclamations from the three princesses. She saw the royal, youthful heads nod now and then, saw them look at each other and smile. When she had finished they told her that the girl in the lavender challie gown, the Princess Ena, had sung *The Dollies' Dialogue* at a charity entertainment at Osborne in the Isle of Wight the summer before. "The pleasure of those young girls at the little song made me wonder whether a program of songs and recitations for children might not be successful. I tried it," and a modest little smile from Miss Cheatham, who likes the nickname "Pussy Cheater," given her by a seven-year-old boy in her audience, who sent her a photograph so inscribed. "That was five years ago. It seems I have not stopped for a moment since."

Kitty Cheatham is a Christmas and an Easter gift to New York. Every year she gives a recital the Monday following Christmas and on Easter Monday, and the little folk regard it as a part of their holidays. She has entertained fifteen thousand children. In Buffalo, where a woman of wealth had persuaded her husband to spare her a gift of jewels or an automobile, and instead allow her to gather together at Teck's Hall all the poor children of that city for one of Kitty Cheatham's entertainments, she held the interest of the children gathered from the highways and byways for two hours.

A charity teacher of that city said to her: "Knowing how hard it is to hold five of them for one class recitation of a half hour, I don't understand how you held this mob for two hours."

"It was by being one of them," was the reply. "I try to meet them on their own plane."

"Once an enthusiastic young woman said to me: 'I suppose, Miss Cheatham, you get your inspiration for your entertainments from children."

"No," replied this chief entertainer of little ones, "I get it from the childlikeness within myself, and that is within everyone if you but find and cultivate it. But one must be careful that it is childlikeness. That is sincere. Childishness is not."

"I have wondered myself, as others have, why I did not take up this work before, since I seem to be adapted to it and have been so fortunate in it, but my answer is that I was not ready for it. I had not become worthy to do it, for to be worthy I had to become as a little child, to get the fresh viewpoint in mind and the happiness in the heart. We are all just little children in this great kindergarten of infinity. And what does it mean to become as a little child? It means to be unimpeachably sincere, and to have undimmed faith and simplicity. It is these qualities that I am humbly and earnestly trying to nurture within myself, and to find in my fellowmen. So what does it matter whether they are six or sixty?"

I studied Miss Cheatham's face for tokens of the childlikeness that bridges the years between her and her juvenile audiences, the childlikeness that is not of the transient mood but of the enduring nature. I found it in her lips and eyes. Her mouth is youthful—the smile that wreathes it has the candor of childhood. Her eyes have the wide, trustful gaze, the interest in all things seen, of the child.

"Children are as unlike as grown-ups," she said. "Some have minds so clear and hearts so tender that they inspire us as the story of the child in the manger inspired all who saw Him. Others

are poor little creatures whose growth has been stunted by their environment. Don't fancy that their lives are stunted by poverty. Often it is quite the contrary. I sat in the drawing-room of a London hotel and a pretty little girl of five came to me, making overtures for acquaintance to which, you may be sure, I responded. Though I have never had any children of my own, I have always loved them. I feel that inside my soul are a million children. I am not discouraged by the fact that I have not been a mother. Do you know that the four greatest writers for children never had children of their own? Lewis Carroll was childless. To grown persons who met him he was reserved to unapproachableness. But some of the persons who thought they had been 'snubbed' by him met him afterward at the beach in a seashore town and found him with big, awkward fingers trying to pin back the frocks of the tots so that their clothes would not be wet when they waded in the surf. He loved them so. Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote most tenderly for and of them, had no children. Kate Greenaway was childless. So is J. M. Barrie.

"But the little girl in the London hotel drawing-room? She plucked at the lace around my neck and lisped, 'Ith that lathe real? My mamma and my grandmamma never wear any but real lathe. Neither do I.' What inspiration could be drawn from that poor little rich girl?

"At the same hotel a few days later I met a little boy scarcely older than this little girl. He stood at the window looking out at Green Park. The only human being in sight was a child sitting on a park bench, where its nurse had evidently left it. The little boy looked at the picture of the child with its background of tall trees, the rich, thick grass at its feet. 'Alone with Dod,' he said. There were sympathy, reverence, imagination. That was an inspirational child.

"Children differ as grown persons do. I always take that into account in handling my audiences. Boys and girls are much the same sort of audiences, except that girls cry more easily, and the cases of hysteria I have met have always been among little girls. Children have imaginations, a sense of humor, as well developed as their elders. But this I have learned about child audiences. They are severe critics, for they instantly detect a lack of sincerity. You cannot fool a child.

"They are marvelously attentive. They like, first of all, a story. They follow a description, if it is vivid, rather more closely than an adult mind does. For instance, I was entertaining an audience of a thousand children at a benefit. In a front seat beside his mother sat a little boy with a sailor collar and quarts of violent ribbon tie. I was describing a pair of twins, telling of their charms and their loneliness and homelessness. The little boy sprang to his feet and with the superb, beautiful unconsciousness of self, of childhood, cried: 'Mother, let's take the twins. You take one and I the udder.' "

By several stages of evolution this greatest of child entertainers arrived at the threshold of her appointed work. She was born of one of the old families of the South. In the human tapestry of her background there were generals and judges of the revolutionary period, more jurists and generals of the Civil War. There came the dance of the butterflies period, the early society stage. It ended when she came to New York and found that theatrical managers had never heard of these great folk her Memphis kin, and didn't want to hear about them. In this new soil she must begin a new growth, humbly begin. The plant received much stern pruning in four years at Daly's, when she was of the company that contained John Drew and Isabel Irving. She retired from the stage. It was while she sang a plantation song to an English guest in Paris that, accompanying the new need, came the call to return to the stage. The call came in the guise of her friend's question: "My dear, why don't you do those charming things in public?"

"I wonder if I could, and if they would like them?"

Confidence in her power to dominate an audience had departed, as the memory of the four years at Augustin

White

VIVIAN MARTIN

Now appearing in "The Spendthrift" and shortly to be seen in "A Child of the Desert"

DRAMA LEAGUE OF AMERICA

Boston Committee

Do you believe in the Theatre as a potential influence for good?
Do you believe the American Theatre can be improved?
Do you desire to see better plays given in Boston Theatres?
Do you wish to be kept informed when good plays are here?
Will you support such plays, when possible, by your attendance?
If you are at all interested in the future of the Theatre in America and wish to become one of a League working for better conditions, will you sign your name and address below and mail at once.

Name _____

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Card sent out by the Drama League of America on the endless chain plan, to gain adherents to the cause

Daly's theatre dimmed in the social life she had resumed.

"I know you could, and I know they would," encouraged the friend.

The Duchess of Somerset offered her house for the first recital. Kitty Cheatham's negro songs and recitations became the fashion in London. They became the vogue in Paris. She came back to her own country, and the popularity of her ingenue and soubrette days at Daly's was renewed and increased.

Then occurred the meeting with the fresh-colored princess who has become the harassed Queen of Spain. Kitty Cheatham's career is a synonym of success. ADA PATTERSON.

HARRISON BLAKE HODGES, OF THE PLAYERS, AS THE MOODY DANE

EDWARD FALES COWARD, OF THE STROLLERS, AS THE PRINCE OF DENMARK

Playing Hamlet for Points

IT was a warm evening in early June, ten years ago, that a party of Strollers were playing pool in their old clubhouse at 67 Madison Avenue. One of those yielding a cue was T. Francis Sykes, also a member of The Players. To Edward Fales Coward, who was sitting on the side lines watching the play, he extended the cordial invitation to join the game.

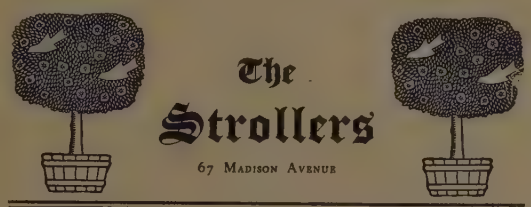
"Come in, Eddie," said he, "I'll play you a game of pool for $5 a ball."

"I can't play pool," responded Coward, "but I'll play you Hamlet for $5 an act."

"If you'll let me pick my exponent of the moody Dane, I'll go you, and the match shall come off here in the club theatre upstairs."

The arrangement was accepted, and so it came about that on the evening of June 20, 1901, a Shakespearian contest for points was brought about. "Hamlet" was, of course, the play selected, and Scene II of Act I, the encounter with the Ghost, and Scene IV of Act III, the interview with the Mother, were the excerpts selected for competition. Mr. Sykes chose as his champion, Mr. Harrison B. Hodges, of The Players. His umpire was Mr. David Torrence, also of that club, while the late Col. Franklin Bartlett agreed to officiate in a similar capacity for The Stroller's entry. On account of illness, his place at the last moment was assumed by Mr. George Newell Hamlin. Mr. Franklin H. Sargent, long associated with the budding idea in stage development, kindly agreed to act as referee.

The articles of agreement were then drawn up. The same supporting company was to appear with each actor, and a professional, Miss Josephine Morse, who had played with the late Lawrence Barrett, was engaged to impersonate Queen Gertrude. All rehearsals were to be separately conducted that each might present, uninfluenced by the spirit of the other, his especial viewpoint of the Dane, as the final decision of the judges and referee was to be based on points, scored for superiority of make-up, costume, stage business, execution, elocution and accuracy. The supporting company was a most capable one. William Duncan Preston, who for years played prominent rôles in the early Charles Frohman successes, doubled Horatio and the King; Otho Cushing, the well-known artist, was the Marcellus, and Hevyln D. Benson, since successfully turned professional, was the Bernardo. The principals tossed a coin to see who should go first, and Coward won. His facial make-up was modelled after the mask affected by the great French actor, Fechter; although the hair was auburn rather than a pronounced blond. The costume was patterned after that worn by the late Sir Henry Irving. Mr. Hodges' dress was similar to that which Charles Kean put on as the Prince of Denmark, while the full beard and dark-brown wig which he wore likened him to the pictures of Mounet-Sully in the same rôle. After Coward had finished, the two scenes were repeated, with Mr. Hodges in the title rôle, and in spite, too, of this absolute iteration and the warmth of the evening, an audience that crowded the theatre generously applauded the efforts of the players. The decision was awarded to Mr. Coward, and thus concluded a theatrical event unique in Shakespearian annals. X.Y.Z.



Thursday Evening, June 20th, 1901

The Entertainment Committee announces a

Shakespearian Contest

for points between

HARRISON BLAKE HODGES, *of* THE PLAYERS, *as the* Moody Dane — *and* — EDWARD FALES COWARD, *of* THE STROLLERS, *as the* Prince *of* Denmark

In Excerpts from

HAMLET

The Supporting Cast will be made up as follows

HORATIO / THE GHOST	WILLIAM DUNCAN PRESTON
MARCELLUS	OTHO CUSHING
BERNARDO	HEVLYN DIRCK BENSON
QUEEN GERTRUDE	MISS JOSEPHINE MORSE

Scenes

Scene II of Act I and Scene IV of Act III

Referee

MR. FRANKLIN H. SARGENT

Judge for THE PLAYERS: MR. DAVID TORRENCE

Judge for THE STROLLERS: COL. FRANKLIN BARTLETT

Bangs MAUD BURNS
Appearing in "Thaïs," recently at the Criterion

Matzene EVELYN VARDEN
With Zelda Sears in "The Nest Egg"

Bangs GRACE WASHBURN
Who is appearing at the Winter Garden

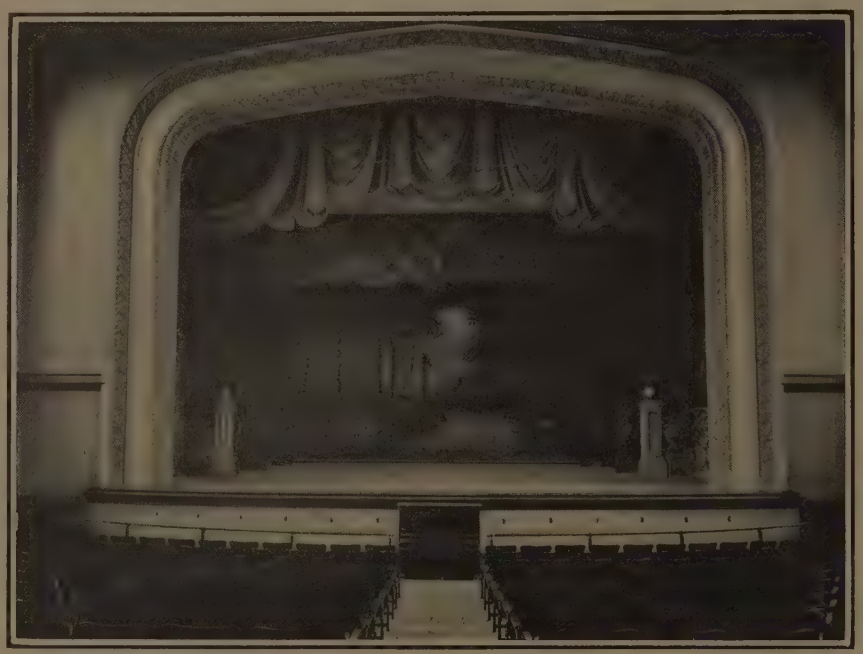
The High School Theatre Arrives

WHEN the art of acting is taught in the high schools of the land, what will the histrionic harvest be?

Ten years ago the asking of this question might have been regarded as a delving into the visionary. To-day it is a live and pertinent issue—made so by the inclusion of fully appointed theatres as important parts of the equipment of recently erected schools. They mark the first step toward the establishment of the municipal theatre in America.

When metropolitan cities such as St. Louis and Cleveland built the auditoriums of their new schools in theatre form the significance of this innovation in educational architecture attracted no more than passing notice. The sloping floor, the balcony, and the stage were regarded simply as improvements upon the old assembly hall arrangement. When, however, a conservative smaller town like Grand Rapids, Mich., one-third of whose 112,571 inhabitants have been touched more or less by old world anti-playgoing religious influences, builds a regular theatre in its high school, supplies it with complete theatrical accessories, and dedicates it with a typical theatrical performance given by pupils, it seems time for students of the drama to begin to figure on possibilities.

The Grand Rapids school theatre — some persons already speak of it as a municipal theatre — is a distinct feature of the model Central High School just completed. The entire building is in the form of a quadrangle which incloses two large courts. The auditorium forms a pavilion dividing the two courts.



REGULAR THEATRE, WITH STAGE, CURTAIN AND SCENERY, BUILT FOR THE USE OF THE STUDENTS OF THE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

The principal entrance of the building is directly opposite the doors of the auditorium, and the school corridor serves as a theatre lobby. Exits at both front and rear conform with the requirements of the public safety ordinances. Moreover the theatre is of fireproof construction.

The auditorium is of imposing appearance, the general style being simple but dignified. Four great oak trusses span the ceiling with oak beams joining them together. The walls are of pure white. The only ornamentation is the staff-work around the proscenium arch. The length of the main floor is 130 feet and the width sixty-two. From the sloping concrete floor to the trussed ceiling is a space of fifty-two feet. The balcony extends over the rear of the main floor. Arches of electric lights parallel the trusses.

One striking distinction sets this school theatre apart from the professional playhouse. The sidewalls, instead of being of solid brick and plaster, are of opalescent glass. Six great windows, each thirty feet high and ten feet wide, flood the interior with light. Smaller windows range back above the gallery floor.

The reason for the windows is apparent. The auditorium will be used more often for chapel exercises and assembly purposes than as a theatre, and daylight is cheaper than electricity. When it is desired to darken the theatre for dramatic performances or stereopticon lectures curtains are rolled out from hidden receptacles in the window-sills.

Fourteen hundred opera chairs, numbered, lettered, and charted, provide a seating capacity rivaling the professional playhouses. There are more than 800 seats on the main floor, the remainder being in the gallery.

Special care has been taken to make the ventilation perfect. Fresh air is drawn in from the roof, heated by steam coils, and then discharged into the theatre by means of radiators placed beneath the seats. The foul air is drawn off through ventilators in the ceiling.

The stage is built to accommodate any style of attraction, amateur or professional. Indeed, it is claimed that it is equally adaptable to grand opera and to a stereopticon travel talk. The proscenium opening is forty feet

(*Continued on page vi*)

EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS

PARIS, May 5, 1911.

THE theatrical season of 1911 is a thing of the past. The lights are turned off. So now that the summer season is in full swing, the vitiated atmosphere of the theatre can be exchanged for more salubrious surroundings. After the great events of the racing world, the French Derby and the Grand Prix, I shall follow the Parisians to their favorite watering places, such as Aix-les-Bains, Vichy, Trouville, and Biarritz. Thanks to the coronation of His Majesty George V, of England, American visitors are more numerous than ever; visitors who, so soon as the coronation is an accomplished fact, are certain to cross the channel, and to visit the fashionable watering places and "cures." But while planning for the future, I must not neglect the present.

In my last I mentioned the Concours Hippique, and I must add that it was unusually interesting this year, thanks to the admirably arranged course which bristled with substantial obstacles, whereas in former years the performances of the gentlemen riders have been of rather infantile proportions. It must be acknowledged that all kinds of sports have shown an extraordinary development during the past few years.

From the United States come your best known boxers, Great Britain sends us her most formidable football teams, and it is worth noting that the French race, once opposed to sports of this kind, now holds its own most effectually. The agility of the Latin race is supplemented by the Anglo-Saxon biceps.

But to return to the Paris season. There are two salons of painting held each year at the Grand Palais. The day before the official opening the privileged few are invited to what it is customary to call the "Vernissage." As its name indicates, the guests formerly assisted at the last toilette of the selected works of art. As a matter of fact, the ceremony of varnishing no longer exists, most painters preferring not to do it under public scrutiny. However, for lack of the actual ceremony, the "Vernissage" has lost nothing of its traditional elegance, for all Paris attends in its newest and daintiest finery.

Another custom that has been lost with the passing years was the habit on Varnishing Day to lunch in the open air at the Champs Elysees restaurants, and to partake of the traditional salmon with green sauce. History tells us not if it is because the salmon is no longer fresh, or that the green sauce has been illicitly combined with the spinach of some of the paintings; the simple fact is that the picturesque luncheons are a thing of the past!

Photo Boissonnas & Taponnier

MME. CHERUIT

The great dressmaker of the Place Vendome and her daughter

The official names of these rival art expositions are the Salon "des Artistes Français" and the "Nationale." This year the two together give us the opportunity to look at—I dare not say to admire—between five and six thousand canvases. That is a figure eloquent if not of quality at least of quantity.

I have often wondered what becomes of this average of six thousand squares of metres, added to about the same number of metres of the Spring, Autumn and Independent Salons, making, if I am not mistaken, the fantastic total of twelve thousand metres of painted canvas; and, above all, I have wondered about the unlucky artists who try to live by a profession of which the majority are ignorant of the simplest rudiments. To others, I leave the clearing up of this mystery.

By virtue of the quantity the majority of the works shown are inevitably poor. This fault must be laid to the Jury on Admissions, who by their regrettable complaisancy encourage men to continue a vocation for which they are not fitted; young men whom it would be more humane to discourage from the beginning, to their own great salvation as well as for the public good. This weakness of the Jury on Admissions is the flagrant cause of the regrettable decadence noticeable in both painting and sculpture.

A more general cause of artistic decadence is progress! Progress and art do not work well together; progress is certainly the enemy of art. There is something of a contradiction between art and virtuosity. Art and the material processes which artists employ to realize their thoughts are in opposition. The easier the process is made the more the quality of art declines.

This is quite natural, after all. A work of art enchants us if we find in each of its parts, each of its details, and even in its defects, the trace of a will, the sign of invention. The mere success

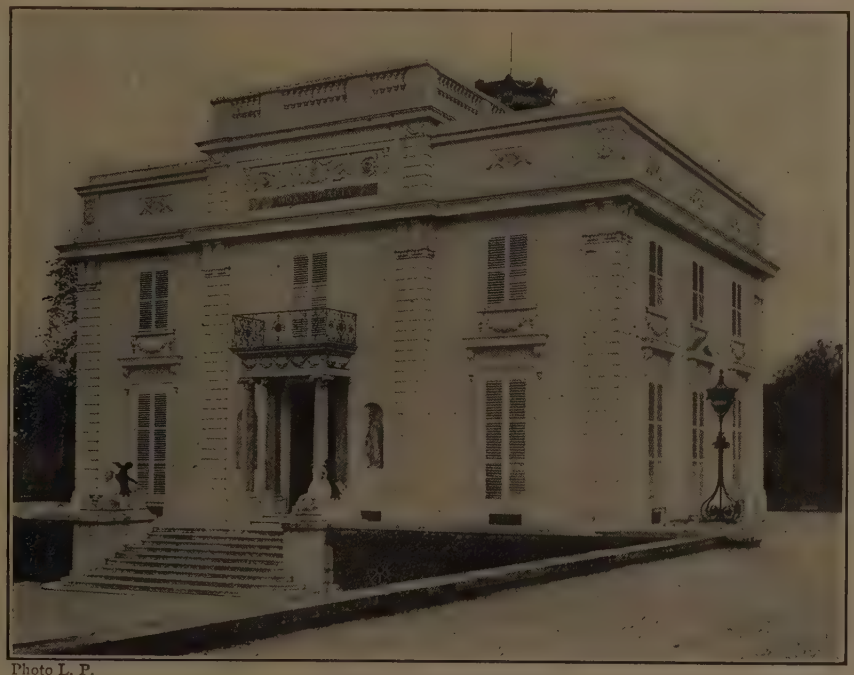


Photo L. P.

CHATEAU DE BAGATELLE

The scene of the Exposition Retrospective de Modes

Photo Felix
The "Muguette" street costume of striped supple taffeta. Made by Doeuillet

of the best methods and the most flawless dexterity are not interesting.

"For example, take Roty's famous "Semeuse." I cite this recently deceased artist because his work is spread over the world by means of French stamps and coins. Compare this modern medal with the most ordinary of antique medals, and it must be acknowledged that the latter are far the more beautiful. There is more relief in them, the light and shadow are more cleverly mingled. However, the ancient medalists had only the most rudimentary tools at their disposal; two reglets with a hole at one end corresponding to one of the faces of the coin. Between the two grooves was placed the metal ball, the upper reglet being struck with the hammer until the crushed ball became the coin. Thus the edges were often chipped, and inequalities and defects were frequently visible on the surface. To-day the method of coining has been perfected, so that the piece is precise and absolutely exact. That is why the modern piece is not so artistic.

It is the same case with window glass. We cannot imitate the antique glass of certain cathedrals. To-day there are many wonderful processes in the manufacture of painted glass, thanks to which colored glass can be obtained of any desired thickness, of exquisite transparency, without a flaw, and the cutting of the glass is facilitated by the use of the diamond, which was unknown in olden times. However, in the ancient windows, the light does not penetrate all at once, but gradually, in different degrees, and so is diversified. Through modern glass the light passes rapidly, it comes through tinged with blue, with yellow, with red, and so is debased by these glaring tones. That is progress!

But the lovely society women who were present at the Vernissage did not care for my theories on art. The opening was for them the occasion to appear in public arrayed in their most beautiful costumes, and truly at the tea hour the view of the different buffets was a fairy-like sight. Mme. Jane Henriquez, of the Opera, was wearing one of Doeuillet's latest creations. Mlles. Lantelme, Madeleine Dolly, Lucienne Guiett were clad in costumes made by Paquin. Mme. Pierrat, of the Comédie-Française, wore a charming tailored suit by Redfern, while Mme. Simone, of the Théatre de la Renaissance, was beautifully gowned by Mme. Cheruit. I must not forget the many wonderful hats made by the great milliner, Mme. Lenthéric. *Noblesse oblige!*

Since I have mentioned fashions, I must speak of the *jupe-culotte,* of which I foretold the opening as well as the failure. In Germany and Spain the apparition of the *jupe-culotte* was the cause of many incidents and violent polemics, which can be explained by certain æsthetic and historic reasons. The dominance of custom in Spain has brought into use the phrase "foot modesty." For in that country ladies hide from public view the lower extremities. It is a custom many centuries old. Even to-day Spanish ladies do not consider it elegant to raise the skirt. The hobble skirt was barely tolerated, and the *jupe-culotte* was too great a crime against the oldtime "foot modesty."

In France as in Berlin and Madrid, the manifestations against it were many. I myself saw on the Avenue de l'Opera a well-known marquise rescued from the mob only after blows from her husband's cane. But as I may seem too prejudiced, I have asked the opinion of a great dressmaker, whose good taste is acknowledged by all.

"The prevailing fashion is frightful and incoherent. In fact, fashion does not exist. It cannot be said that any one thing is accepted, or that there is any general tendency. In order to satisfy the demand for something new, for which the foreign buyers and all women are so avid, certain dressmakers have launched fantastic and odd innovations. When fashion seeks only to satisfy such demand, when she is no longer swayed by knowledge and reason, mistakes are certain to be made. That is what happened this spring with the *jupe-culotte.* Such a fashion should not have been launched at the races or in the streets. If that mistake is made, everybody, including the caricaturist, copies it. Besides, it is not so much fashion itself that is concerned, but the good name of French taste. Dresses incorrectly worn produce a disastrous effect, and assuredly the first to suffer are those who wear them.

"In my opinion the dressmaker should dress a client in harmony with her own nature and character. When a customer asks me for a costume for herself, I am delighted. To blindly repeat a model is the work of a dressmaker who does not love his business."

Naturally, I am glad to air this opinion, since it is so identical with that I have expressed in former letters. Doeuillet, Paquin, Redfern, Cheruit and some others are true artists, because before establishing themselves as dressmakers they studied the technic of their business, they consult old prints and paintings, they comprehend the law of colors, and the anatomy of woman.

The leading dressmakers have decided among themselves that they will no longer

Photo Felix
MLLE. LUCIENNE GUIETT
As Josephine in "Rivoli" at the Theatre de l'Odeon. Costume by Paquin

send to the race courses mannequins arrayed in the fashion of to-morrow or the day after to-morrow. Such exhibitions were often trying and always illogical, since certain toilettes, created to be seen by the artfully concealed artificial lights of the drawing-room, were thus exposed to criticism in the glaring light of day, in the dust, the sun or the rain of open-air reunions.

Then, too, the greater number of mannequins circulating about the grand stand belong to dressmaking establishments of the second or third order, who are more desirous of having their models commented upon than to launch costumes distinguished by marked elegance.

After all, is not the theatre the ideal place in which to have the dressmakers' creations best appreciated? And are not talented actresses best fitted to bring success to an artistic conception? I can truthfully add that there is more than one society woman who, because of her elegance and her social position, is the mannequin dreamed of by many a dressmaker.

On the 15th of May there will open at the Pavillon de Bagatello retrospective exposition of fashions under the supervision of the well-known painter, M. Jean Béraud. All kinds of pictures that portray the fashions of three centuries will be shown, even to the *jupe-pantalon* of the Restauration, which only goes to prove that there is nothing new under the sun. It certainly is a good and practical idea at the moment when painters and designers are zealous and audacious rivals in inventing and discovering colors more beautiful than Nature's, and . . . . apologies for ugliness.

Fashion is the fugitive face of an epoch. Her eccentricity seems odd in the beginning. Later, the observer finds the influences, and the reasons for the evolutions. Fashion traces lightly and impartially chronicles the customs of society.

Here is the main idea of this exposition, given me by the urbane president, M. Jean Béraud: "We desire to get together a documentary and artistic history of masculine and feminine fashions for three centuries. The exposition will be in two parallel sections, one consisting of costumes, robes, vestments, fabrics, embroideries, ornaments, jewels, and toilet articles.

"The other will include the artistic view, the interpretation given by paintings, drawings, prints and even sculpture of all these objects. There will be no work by a living artist, all will be retrospective, and will stop at 1900.

"We shall borrow from many collections, from our own, but chiefly from the collections of amateurs, who are well satisfied with the results of former loans they have made us. For our expositions often bring out the fact that articles are of more value than their owners had supposed. For instance, one collector loaned us a portrait by David, believing it was a copy, but during the exposition it was proved to be not only authentic, but a beautiful example."

There is no doubt that this interesting exposition will be a great success, and I shall give a more complete account of it in my next letter.

Photo Felix

AN AESTHETIC MISTAKE FOR A PRETTY WOMAN

I have already given you the somewhat pessimistic opinion of one of our great dressmakers. It is interesting to hear what Mme. Paquin has to say on the same subject, which is quite a contrast.

"I believe that while fashion should be always new, and bear the imprint of art, it should never be divorced from the æsthetics of the body to which it is fashion's mission to give added value. This season I have endeavored not to become inspired by any one style period. It seems to me that we owe it to our reputation to be creators. What will we leave to future generations who will write our history, if in the art of costume as in that of furniture, for example, we have no other thought than to copy past centuries?

"Our period has its own character, and we should frame it as harmoniously as possible with textiles having a like character. While our life is active, intense and often masculine, it nevertheless does not exclude the charm of womanly grace nor clever dressing. All these should be combined in our modern toilettes."

So you see opinions are divided, and it is well that it should be so, if only to incite our great dressmakers to affirm their own individuality, and so to say, to sign their latest creations.

I have already spoken to you of Mlle. Lantelme who, within the past year at the Vaudeville, the Odeon, and more recently at the Renaissance in "La Gamine," has created three parts with great success. Mlle. Lantelme is not content with being one of the prettiest women in Paris, that would not at all agree with her artistic

Photo Felix

Photo Felix

MLLE. DORNEY, OF THE THEATRE DES NOUVEAUTES

Large hat of ruby-colored straw, faced with black and ornamented with black Chantilly and three red roses. Made by Mme. Lentheric.

Hat of natural colored tagal, trimmed with a knot of Nattier blue velvet and a branch of roses. Made by Mme. Lentheric

temperament, but she made it a point, and succeeded in reaching the height of her art, thanks to her talent, which enables her to interpret a great variety of rôles. She is endowed with a tenacity of purpose and an adaptability rarely to be met with.

When I talked with Mlle. Lantelme recently, she spoke of her future plans, plans all the more interesting to the readers of the THEATRE, because they include a tour of the United States in "La Gamine" at a date not yet decided upon. She is devoting much time to the study of English, because she will play "La Gamine" in English, supported by a company of English actors. She counts upon the realization of this plan within a year. Another time I will speak at greater length of this artistic aspiration, which must certainly appeal to the American theatre-goers, who are always so ready to appreciate and applaud our great French actors. In the meantime, Mlle. Lantelme will next winter create at the Theatre du Vaudeville "La Fille," also an unpublished piece by Mons. Alfred Capus, called "Robinson."

You know Lady Duff Gordon, the aristocratic Englishwoman, who, having suffered reverses of fortune, opened dressmaking establishments in both London and New York, under the business name of "Lucile," Ltd. That fact in itself is nothing new. There are many praiseworthy precedents among members of the aristocracy, who, instead of living an idle and moneyless life, preferred to adopt some profession in accord with their abilities.

Photo Rita Martin, London LADY DUFF GORDON

A society woman who is a talented dressmaker

What is special in Lady Duff Gordon's case, is that she has introduced into her dressmaking establishments an entirely new and æsthetic idea, one which I predicted in the February number of the THEATRE. This lady noticed that the costumes worn by mannequins lacked the different accessories, such as the hat, parasol, fan, bag, in a word, all which completes the toilet of a lady, and which should be in the greatest harmony with the costume.

By her success, both in New York and London, Lady Duff Gordon owed it to herself to open an establishment in Paris, the source of the most elegant feminine fashions. This she has just done in a small hotel situated in the rue de Ponthièvre. In my next letter I shall describe minutely what there may be of

Photo Reutlinger

MLLE. LANTELME, OF THE THEATRE DE LA RENAISSANCE

Photo Lambert Weston, London
M. REDFERN, THE GREAT PARIS DRESSMAKER

original ideas in the models shown by Lady Duff Gordon. My impression of her salons is that they are much too small, as is the entire house. "Lucile" should have selected a larger frame, which is really indispensable for the proper exploitation of the æsthetic idea on which the house is founded. Another criticism I may permit myself upon the error in taste, shown in the selection of a sofa and two armchairs covered with cretonne in glaring colors, which swear outrageously at the exquisite mauve tones of the carpet. This mistake is probably due to the hurried installation of the establishment.

There are some rich men and philanthropists who, with the best intentions in the world, do not know how to distribute their wealth to the best advantage, either during their lives or after their deaths. This is particularly true of art amateurs, who will to the national museums their paintings and objects of art, taking special pains to state that the museum must accept the gift in its entirety.

Thus the museum finds itself obliged either to accept or refuse a collection of unequal value, without having the power to eliminate pictures of doubtful authenticity, or those of a quality and school that is not in keeping with the rest of the collection. This was true of the Chauchard collection, which contains several examples of Zeim that are of very inferior quality. The Count de Camonde has followed the example of M. Chauchard, and has left to the Louvre, the greatest museum in the world, a collection of pictures of the Impressionist School, whose presence in the Louvre is much to be deplored.

Falconet's magnificent clock, called The Three Graces, which is a part of the Camonde legacy, cannot counterbalance the disastrous effect produced by these ultrarealistic pictures among the many priceless treasures which constitute the glory of the Louvre.

The Luxembourg Museum has already many examples of the Impressionistic School hung in the Salle Caillebotte, which ought to suffice for the public instruction. No true art amateur will be misled by these horrors, but if the Louvre Museum becomes her younger sister's benevolent accomplice, her worldwide reputation will be ended.

Believing that the information will be valuable to you, I recently asked Madame Lenthéric, the celebrated milliner, what would be worn this summer by the most elegant women at the watering places.

"Besides the costume," said Mme. Lenthéric, the two most important details are the coiffure and the scarf. They can be made to add distinction to the toilet, or they will totally spoil it if they are not harmonious. The evening coiffure now in vogue tends to great simplicity. It is less voluminous, and false hair is more discreetly used. The Greek coiffure is very much sought after, but should be adopted only when it agrees with the physiognomy. There are a thousand and one ways of arranging the Greek coiffure, and it lends itself admirably to a variety of ornaments, from the diamond tiara to the bead hair net. The scarf must be well chosen or it becomes commonplace and vulgar. The most attractive are in black, white or flesh-colored Chantilly tulle, with a border embroidered in beads, and finished with two bead tassels. The scarf must always be of a harmonizing color to the costume, or if the gown is black or white a violent contrast thereto. Then the stockings, the aigrette, the fan, the bag, must harmonize in a manner to show that both good taste and elegance have been employed in their selection." So you see that Mme. Lenthéric is quite in accord with the sentiments expressed by Lady Duff Gordon.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

The foregoing article is another in a series of letters from the French capital, and we have no doubt that our readers have already discovered for themselves how interesting and valuable they are. "Petronius" is sparing neither time nor expense to show our fair subscribers the latest novelties of the leading dressmakers and modistes of Paris.

Photo Felix
MLLE. SYLVIE OF THE PORTE ST. MARTIN
Tailored costume of periwinkle silk, with a short jacket braided in the same shade, and a jabot of Alencon lace. Made by Redfern, Paris

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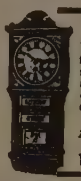

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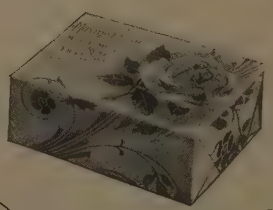

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The New Theatre

(*Continued from page 192*)

we all know that every new play produced is an experiment, no matter by whom written, produced or acted and in which theatre it is shown, and these experiments must be set off by receipts from the road and the life of the play. So careful are managers of this that they fight in making contracts to retain an interest in the stock company rights. It might have been well to have given commissions to dramatists of authority throughout the world and not depended upon the open market, always well supplied with freak plays. Seven and a half plays a day throughout the year is their daily average of receipt at the New Theatre. Many of them contained good ideas, but most were half-baked plays. Such productions as Miss Nethersole and Miss Tempest should never have been allowed within its doors. These were fruits of the managerial alliance. In the future it might be well to curtail the number of productions to five or six in a season, to give four consecutive performances in each week of the first two plays produced; at least fifty performances of each of these plays (if successful) before another production is made. Why? This is first attractive to the author whose work is in demand; be it remembered that it is the author who keeps open theatres, although he also closes them. It gives the play a chance to anchor itself in the affections of the public, time to properly place a continuance of the run in another theatre; also no rivals and classic productions until the *close* of the season, give the best of it to the new plays. When productions are made for utilitarian, or purely artistic, reasons, it is well to have a well filled treasury of *earned money* back of the proposition. Losses are then met in a chastened spirit.

A perfect hailstorm of censure has been directed towards Mr. Ames. But the record has not been consulted. Any manager who has to his credit "The Nigger," "Don," "Sister Beatrice," "Strife," "The Blue Bird," "The Piper," "The Arrow Maker" may greet his critics with a smile. When one considers that one important manager after twenty-five years' experience has produced this season seventeen foreign failures in New York, it seems to us that Mr. Ames is vindicated.

The old New Theatre, to be renamed the Century Theatre, passes for next season, at least, into the hands of Liebler & Co. Another New Theatre is to be built by the Founders in Forty-fourth Street. In this new building it is now proposed to provide a permanent home for the Society of American Dramatists and Composers, and where they may install the Bronson Howard Collection for American Dramatists, which promises to become the most complete theatrical library in the country. Experience is a dear teacher, yet it is the only one. So let all well wishers of the American stage hope that the New Theatre may have learned its lesson.

High School Theatre Arrives

(*Continued from page 212*)

across and twenty-eight feet high. The stage is thirty-three feet deep and 100 feet in width. The gridiron is fifty-two feet from the floor. Dressing rooms, a rigging loft, a fly gallery, and a fine switchboard add to the professional appearance of the stage.

Out in front is a regulation orchestra pit. Here, upon the occasion of dramatic performances, is stationed the High School orchestra.

The scenic equipment was purchased from a professional studio in Chicago. The outfit includes an asbestos curtain, a complete library set, and an exterior. It is expected that the stage furnishings will be added to from time to time. As a matter of fact the proceeds from the dedicatory performance went toward the purchase price of a handsome stage carpet.

The Grand Rapids Central High School does not teach acting directly—as yet. It does, however, teach public speaking, and it is in this connection that dramatics are encouraged. The Sock and Buskin Club is the immediate medium through which theatricals are fostered. It is made up of pupils who have a leaning toward the amateur stage, and is directed by Prof. Edward J. Eaton, of the department of public speaking. Before Prof. Eaton became a high school teacher he trod the professional boards, and so his instruction has the backing of technical experience as well as knowledge.

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AT THE PLAYHOUSE

(Continued from page 183)

and embodies a number of novel features, which may make it popular, but the American public is so fickle that while the idea of dining, smoking, seeing a show, resting a few minutes, then eating and smoking again, all for the modest sum of four dollars, plus the restaurant check, may make a strong appeal, only the future will tell if an institution of this character can be made profitable.

The managers have certainly done things on a lavish scale. New York has seldom seen a more striking array of beautiful girls decked out in all kinds of ravishing costumes. Of the show itself it is neither better nor worse than a great many of the so-called "Revues," which have occupied the local stage in recent seasons. It has, moreover, some redeeming features, and the clever acting, singing and dancing of some of the principals, including Ada Lewis, Elizabeth Goodall, Otis Harlan, W. C. Gordon, may carry it to financial success.

It was with pleasure that the audience saw Ethel Levey again on the metropolitan stage. Her long stay abroad has given her a wider experience, and her voice shows good training. This clever artiste sang *I Beg Your Pardon, Broadway,* in a way that brought down the house, and her other song, *Down the Strand,* was also a hit. Mlle. Lenclud, late of Paris, pleased her audience, and a genuine hit was made in the Cabaret Show by Mlle. Denardin, a grotesque *chanteuse,* who does not hesitate to appear in repellantly ugly make-up in order to carry out the impersonation. In a few days this artiste mastered enough English to enable her to amuse her audience.

The theatre, which was built by Henry B. Herts, was finished in pink gray and turquoise blue, relieved in brown and gold.

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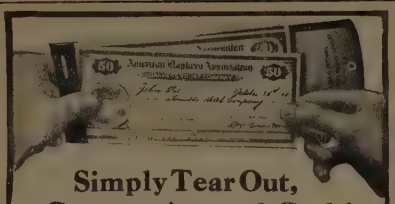
BIJOU. "The Clouds." Drama in three acts by Jaroslav Kvapil. Translated by Charles Recht. Produced May 15 with this cast:

Father Matoush.....John Maurice Sullivan
Mariana Kocian.....Laura Linden
Andreas Kocian.....Harry L. Fraser
Maria Zeman.....Sara Biala
Dr. Votava.....L. Rogers Lytton

The necessity of educating the American public in high art and advanced thought by means of foreign plays occurs only to foreigners. Certainly "The Clouds," by Jaroslav Kvapil, a more or less distinguished Bohemian, translated by Charles Recht, the stage version by Charles Swickard, put forward by Julius Hopp, does not serve the purpose. It is not altogether stupid in intent, but it is in effect. It is impossible to arouse our interest in the conditions of life in a little village in a little corner of remote Bohemia. It is possible that the play has its use among its own people, who understand the characters and the conditions. A mother has dedicated her son to the priesthood. She knows nothing of the world outside of her village, and her meek and ambitious boy is equally ignorant of it, with a prospect of growing more ignorant of it, and more prejudiced against it, in the years to come. Suddenly there appears on the scene an attractive young woman, who had left the village long before she had grown to womanhood, and who is now an actress, with the manners of the outside world, full of ambition, and freed from the narrowness of the village life. She inspires the youth with ambition. He will go with her out into the world. His mother takes to her bed when she hears of this. His uncle, a priest, convinces him that he is unfit for any other career than the dreary one offered him at home. The boy persists in his intention, but the young actress cures him of his hopeless illusion of possible success in the outer world by pretending that she had been trifling with him. The play derives its name from a talk the lovers have while watching the clouds. It is possible that the play is a satire on the hard conditions of life in a village in Bohemia, but it is wholly uninteresting to us, because not understandable by us, and is absolutely unconvincing in the affair between the lovers. As acted, the meek youth could not inspire love on the part of any woman. The sacrifice of the girl in renouncing her own love in consequence was absurd. We have many plays written by imitative dramatists which have all the symptoms of a play with no substance back of them. They have all the business of emotion with nothing to justify it. It is the



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The Falls have "unquestionably been seriously injured by the diversions already made" by the Power Companies, to run their giant turbines. This is the formal report of the Chief of Engineers of the United States Army, after two years of accurate measurements and records. And he reports that "additional diversions, now under way, will add to the damage." The American Fall is very thin in places. The Bridal Veil is less in volume. Hundreds of feet on the Horseshoe Fall are barely covered. Portions of the Rapids are much less impressive.

The Power Companies, seeing an opportunity to increase their income more than Five Millions of dollars annually, are fighting the reënactment of the Burton Bill, **which expires June 29, 1911.** They want now the maximum limit of water allowed under our Waterways Treaty with Canada. This would mean an **INCREASED DRAIN** on the Falls of **SIXTY-EIGHT PER CENT** beyond the amount of water now taken by these corporations. They also want the limit removed on the transmission of power from Canada.

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The Burton Bill, passed in 1906 and extended in 1909, was **more than fair** to the Power Companies. It gave them all the water they could then use, or were preparing to use. It did not stop any going enterprise. The Burton Resolution will continue permanently these fair, just, and protective provisions of the original Burton Bill.

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to save this great National Asset from the Aggressions of Forty Millions of power-company capital? Write or wire your Senators or Representatives in Congress. DO IT TODAY. Write for further facts to the American Civic Association, which first called President Roosevelt's attention to the National ownership of Niagara. Send us copies of the replies you get. We are fighting for your rights and we need your assistance. Protect your own interests by using a dozen postage stamps. Tell your friends.

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business of actors to simulate emotion, and they act it out just as seriously, and with just as much feeling in the absence of real emotion, as when it exists in the real play. In this view of the case, Miss Sara Biala, as the actress, was extremely capable and attractive, denoting lightness of spirit as well as emotion with true feeling and considerable art. The play was not badly done in any way, but, like many, many foreign plays, forced on our attention by foreigners, it is hopelessly and unchangeably foreign.

The proposal to establish an open-air theatre in one of the parks of the city of New York, when considered seriously, at once becomes amusing, and when regarded as a comical aberration of official activity it becomes serious. The idea probably originated in the vapid and visionary talk of more or less gifted theorists, whose habitual mental domicile is in the upper air. A new form of drama would have to be devised to meet the unusual conditions. The greater the number of people in the vast or boundless auditorium the less effective would be the performance; plays of intimate life, or of the home and fireside, would be impossible. Spectacles such as the Kiralfys used to give, or shows like Buffalo Bill's, are the only kind that have been found practicable in modern times. Their tendencies are toward armies and battles and pageants. Gigantic pantomime is the medium of such art, dramatic only in a dumb sort of way. It may be claimed that some of Shakespeare's plays are suitable for such performances. But they were not written for such purposes, and there is no repertory at hand even if the literature of all ages were searched. A theatre of any kind under municipal management is out of the question. A small, open-air theatre, conducted in the usual way, is always possible, but it would be discovered that the open-air has no moral curative virtue not possessed by that of a well ventilated enclosed theatre of the ordinary kind erected according to the specifications of the Building Department.

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Plays Current in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (May 20th): "As a Man Thinks," at the 39th Street; "Everywoman," at the Herald Square; "Excuse Me," at the Gaiety; "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," at Geo. M. Cohan's; "Little Miss Fix-It," at the Globe; "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," at the Lyceum; "Nobody's Widow," at the Hudson; "Over Night," at the Playhouse; "The Bachelor's Baby," at the Criterion; "The Clouds," at the Bijou; "The Concert," at Belasco's; "The Deep Purple," at Maxine Elliott's; "The Dictator," at the Comedy; The Folies Bergere; "The Hen-Pecks," at the Broadway; "The Lights o' London," at the Lyric; "The Pink Lady," at the New Amsterdam; "The Spring Maid," at the Liberty; The Winter Garden.

W. A. Brady's New Theatre

William A. Brady's new theatre, the Playhouse, provides additional security from fire by the use of "Kompolite" in its interior construction. This building with its fireproof, acoustic and sanitary properties, as provided by "Kompolite," is the first theatre in the United States to adopt an entirely new character of interior construction. The seats are screwed directly in the elastic floor, the latter being a perfect sound deadener, and allowing the smallest sound which passes over the footlights to be heard free from echo. All clattering and scuffling in the upper part of the house, which is characteristic of most theatres, is done away with in the Playhouse. Because of the elasticity of "Kompolite," the sound of persons entering the theatre late does not afford sufficient noise to disturb those already watching the performance. There is not a wooden beam in the entire theatre, and, because of the method of fastening the seats, even the wooden strips or sleepers ordinarily used are dispensed with.

Richard Strauss' latest opera, "Der Rosenkavalier" has been secured by Fred C. Whitney for England and America. The New York Metropolitan Opera Company were after the piece, but Mr. Whitney's offer of $22,500 down and $40,000 within a month secured the prize. The opera will be translated into English immediately and will probably be presented in London during coronation week.—*New York Dramatic Mirror.*

Prize Opera for Metropolitan

The successful competitor in the opera contest, conducted by the management of the Metropolitan Opera House, is Horatio W. Parker, Professor of Music at Yale University, whose grand opera, "Mona," according to the rules of the contest, will have production at the Metropolitan next season. The librettist is Bryan Hooker, Yale, 1899, of Farmington, Conn. To them goes the $10,000 prize.

Twenty-four grand operas were submitted, the librettos to be in English. Some consternation was felt when it was announced several months ago that the operas had been lost, but they were recovered later. Each opera was submitted under an assumed name, the fictitious and real name of the writer being inclosed in a sealed envelope. When the selection had been made by a committee consisting of Walter Damrosch, George W. Chadwick, Charles Martin Loeffler, and Alfred Hertz, the envelope was opened and the author discovered.

HORATIO W. PARKER
Who won the prize offered by the Metropolitan Opera House for an American opera

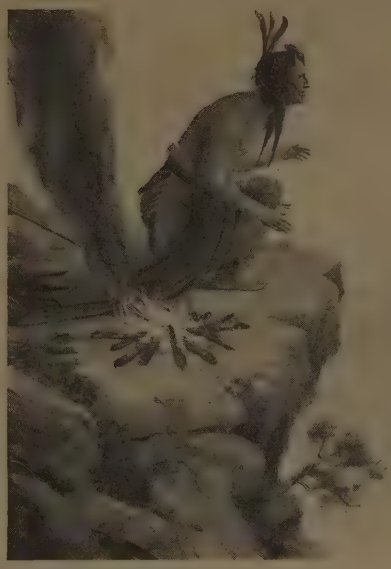
The scene of the story is laid in England during the Roman invasion. Gwynn, son of the Roman governor and a British captive, is in love with the Britain, Mona. She loves him and yet hates him because he is a Roman. The tragedy ends with the death of Gwynn at Mona's hand and her subsequent remorse.

The judges were pleased with fourteen of the operas submitted. According to Mr. Hertz they displayed many commendable points.

Professor Parker, says the *Dramatic Mirror*, was born in Auburndale, Mass., in 1863. He studied in Boston and Munich, remaining in Germany three years. He became professor of music at Yale in 1894. He is author of "Hora Novissima," an oratorio, sung at the Worcester Festival, England, in 1899.

Ferruccio Busoni, the well-known pianist, dislikes newspaper notoriety and the other day administered a rebuke to an enterprising newspaper reporter. The pianist was just about to sail for Europe on the S.S. America when he was approached by the representative of a Philadelphia paper and asked the usual foolish questions. The musician eyed the scribe severely for a moment and then he said:

"I do not expect that a young gentleman who has to interview people following hundreds of different callings, should be able to report me correctly speaking on such topics. On the other hand, I cannot and will not consent to speak about such trivial objects as the number of concerts I have played, the money I have earned and so forth. But least of all will I tell them my opinion of myself, my personal concerts, my family, my poverty, my wealth, my real castles or castles in the air, and other favorite subjects of the ever-recurring interview with arriving or departing artists. You must not blame me."



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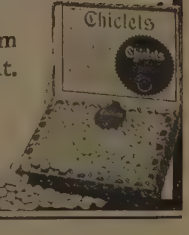

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Churchmen Honor the Stage

The shackles of the slavery of prejudice were riven from the members of the theatrical profession in most dramatic manner recently, when, by official action, the Protestant churches, the Roman Catholic Church, and the Jewish Church, gathered to do honor to the stage. The occasion was a luncheon given by the Actors' Church Alliance to the members of the theatrical profession, the Rt. Rev. David H. Greer, Bishop of New York, being in the chair, and the Rev. Francis Rolt-Wheeler, Chairman of the Hospice Committee of the Alliance, being toastmaster.

The tremendous significance of the gathering may be appreciated when it is borne in mind that at the Speakers' Table, in addition to Bishop Greer and Mr. Rolt-Wheeler, Miss Amelia Bingham, Miss Laura Nelson Hall, Miss Mildred Holland and Miss Constance Collier, there were also present Dr. Talbot Smith and Dr. Joseph Silverman. Dr. Talbot Smith, whose name is well known as an authority on dramatic matters, attended the luncheon with the express permission of the Most Rev. John M. Farley, archbishop of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of New York, and spoke of the value that lay in this *rapprochement* between the Roman Catholic Church and the stage, instancing, moreover, that a day or two before Mr. Rolt-Wheeler had received a letter from the Roman Catholic archbishop of Chicago, and from the Catholic Church Extension Society, granting their support.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman's presence was no less vital in its import. As founder and president of the great Jewish Emanu-El brotherhood, and as rabbi for the last fourteen years in Temple Emanu-El, Dr. Silverman stands for the highest thought in the Reformed Jewish Church today, and since so large a proportion of the members of the profession are of Hebrew origin or of Jewish faith, his advocacy of the cause binds all together.

This luncheon, given at the Hotel Astor on April 25th last, was the closing social affair of the Actors' Church Alliance for the season. Work, of course, will be continued through the summer, and an effort will be made to secure sufficient funds to begin the Actors' Hospice, which has been discussed so frequently of late.

Mr. Francis Rolt-Wheeler, as toastmaster, introduced Bishop Greer with a reference to the magnificent broad-mindedness displayed in connection with the opening of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, when ecclesiastics from all churches were present, and again at the great Peace Conference, when the great Cathedral was given over to purposes of national and international import. Bishop Greer, in opening his address, dwelt upon the manner in which the stage—the daughter of the Church—little by little had ceased to fulfil the intimacies of so close a kinship and had drifted away, at first within the churches, then in the churchyards, then in companies, going from parish to parish for ecclesiastical festival, thence to mystery plays, to morality plays, and so to the modern stage.

"The stage is scarcely a profession," Bishop Greer said in part, "that is too mechanical a word, it is a vocation, a vocation as the Church is a vocation. These two vocations, then, should not only be allied, they must be allied if each is to fulfil the highest aim. The power of the stage is very great, and its congregations numerous, and no effort should be left undone which would increase the worth of the appeal." The bishop proceeded with his ideas concerning the modern drama and its readiness to welcome every new idea, and spoke of the welcome the Church always was ready to extend. "Indeed," he said in closing, "I stand ready now to offer you all free tickets to all the churches in New York."

Mr. Robt. Mantell, learning that Bishop Greer had to leave for another engagement, spoke on behalf of the profession his thanks for the Bishop's presence as their principal host, and his appreciation of his gracious courtesies to the profession.

Mrs. Amelia Bingham, in a happily worded speech, spoke of the value to the profession of having the ministers of the country fully in accord with the work of the theatre, and instanced a gathering of ministers at which she spoke in Chicago, the result of which had been to improve greatly theatrical conditions in that city.

The Rev. Dr. Talbot Smith, after a brief reference to his official presence at the luncheon, and expressing his pleasure that he had been

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elected a member of the National Council of the Alliance, spoke wittily of the incidents connected with the stage that had come under his notice, and dealt strongly with the need that the stage had for the Church. He affirmed that "ideals rather than ideas" were needed for the stage, and expressed his regret that he could not undertake to baptize anew all "actors, dramatists and managers, especially the managers."

Miss Laura Nelson Hall gracefully and simply told of the difficulties she experienced in her early years by reason of the prejudice of some of her relatives and friends who reflected the religious ideas of a small town, and showed how the growing friendship between the Church and stage had eliminated a factor of hardship which a few years ago had been a difficulty of no small moment.

Rabbi Silverman spoke aggressively and powerfully on the approaching "moral reformation." "We have seen," he said, "all kinds of reformation, there has been a reformation in mechanical art, there has been an industrial reformation, there has been a reformation in the methods of transportation, there has been a reformation in the educational world, and the time is at hand for a moral reformation. It cannot come till all churches are agreed more than they are to-day, it cannot come while religious prejudice, and race prejudice and class prejudice stain our boasted civilization, but the moral reformation is coming, none the less, and such a force as the Actors' Church Alliance, uniting all churches and two great professions, is a power in bringing about the moral reformation which seems so near at hand."

The toastmaster, Mr. Rolt-Wheeler, closed with a brief summing up, and after expressing regret that other speakers could not be heard from, because of lack of time, he proceeded to deal succinctly with the purposed work of the Alliance. "It is not because of any special actions of my own in this matter," he said in part, "that I outline the work, but because, perhaps, I can concentrate the ideas and put them forward in a few sentences. We intend to secure a building which shall be used for the several purposes of the Actors' Church Alliance, including a small number of rooms in refined surroundings where the less well-paid members of the profession can live comfortably. There should also be a large rest-room after the pattern of the Rehearsal Club, of London, in which Mr. Ben Greet has so large an interest—and to whose advice and counsel indeed much of the present plans may be traced—and possibly in the future, if the plan seems feasible after careful consideration, a school for the stage child. It is earnestly hoped that some measure of these plans may be achieved during the next dramatic season."

New Opera on Tour

When the English version of the grand opera, "Quo Vadis," goes on tour next season, a special train of eleven baggage cars will be required to carry the scenery and baggage, while another special will be needed for the company and orchestra. The entire personnel will number nearly three hundred people. A corps of sixty stage hands and twenty electricians will be needed to operate the scenery at each performance. Over forty thousand feet of painted canvas and set scenery is required to stage this spectacular grand opera, and it will require six mammoth sets, the largest being the Coliseum scene, where Nero entertains his nobles and the Roman mob by feeding the Christians to the wild beasts. The panoramic back curtain for this one picture contains four thousand feet of canvas alone.

Theatre Re-Named

The Century Theatre is the name that has been chosen for The New Theatre when George C. Tyler becomes the tenant of that house and puts on Liebler & Co.'s productions there next season. Several names were considered by the directors of the playhouse before this was chosen. The first of the Liebler & Co.'s offerings to be made at the Century will be Robert Hichens' "The Garden of Allah." Mr. Tyler, Mr. Hichens, Hugh Ford, general stage director for Liebler & Co., and Edward Morange, the scenic artist, are now in Biskra obtaining material for the presentation of the scenes of the play.

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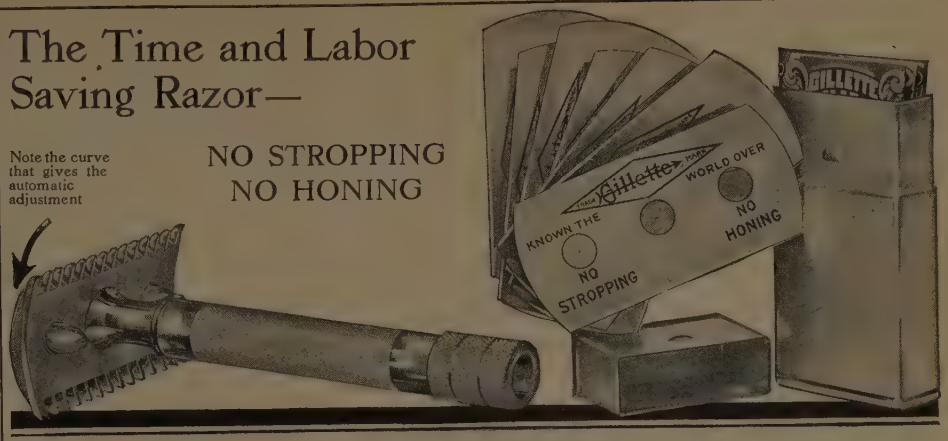

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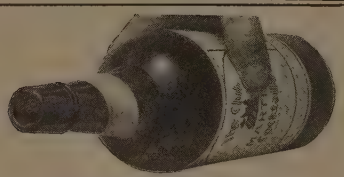

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Chantecler and Rostand

At the Berkeley Lyceum recently Mme. de Kermen made an interesting address on the subject of Rostand's "Chantecler." In part, she said:

"It is evident that M. Rostand is opening a new road on the stage. He said himself in his reception speech at the Académie: 'We want a theatre where the auditors may be exalted by lyricism, morally influenced by beauty, consoled by grace, and where the poet will give lessons of the soul.'

"We see him following that road from his early youth; but as he advances each work is more powerful. First with 'The Romanesques,' when he was 23; then with 'La Samaritaine,' 'Cyrano dé Bergerac,' and finally in his work of complete maturity, 'Chantecler.'

"M. Rostand sanctifies the theatre, and while the churches begin to be empty, while the dogmas of religions are slowly dying away, he prepares another temple, where the souls can soar towards the ideal, without any mysticism, however, for he is essentially a practical idealist.

"And this conception so new, so full of promise for the future, for it will have followers, is still more completely realized in 'Chantecler' than in the preceding works.

"There Rostand brings out what is ailing the world, in the moral field at least (for, contrary to Hugo, he has kept away from the economic questions), what is killing the soul of men and women. Patou, in a magnificent speech, explains to Chantecler that the two evils by which the soul of humanity is oozing out are the spirit of mocking laughter at any cost, personified by the blackbird, 'the commercial traveler of the laugh that corrodes,' and the spirit of snobism, sham and fashion, represented by the Peacock, 'the stupid ambassador' of fashion.

"Chantecler is the poet, the enlightener, in reality, M. Rostand himself, as shown by these words of the poet: 'My cock is the personality I have used to express my own dreams, and to make vibrate in front of me a little of my own self. Chantecler is my god!'

"Chantecler, or M. Rostand, is sometimes very contented with himself, when he is sure of his destiny of enlightener, and of his fulfilment of it. But often he is tormented by a lack of confidence in himself, which makes of his life a momentary martyrdom. Will he be able to bring another rising of the sun, to compose another great work, 'to find again his song in his heart,' is he really the enlightener? And while those tormenting thoughts besiege him, the blackbird carelessly reveals to him that the owls, the birds that love night and darkness, the protection of all crimes, hate him because he is the enlightener, and intend to kill him at the reception of the guinea hen. This reassures him as to his own destiny: since the lovers of darkness hate him so much as to plot his death, then surely he is the enlightener.

"And his heart is full of faith in his magnificent destiny, and like his predecessor Cyrano, whom he resembles, but to whom he is superior, because more logical and more practical, he will go to meet his enemies at the tea of the guinea hen.

"Chantecler comes out a vanquisher. But feeling that if he remains in that ugly world he is in danger of losing his cocorico, that is to say his poetical inspiration of enlightener, he goes with the pheasant to the forest.

"There he finds again his song and meets the gentle songster of sentiment, fear and alarm, the nightingale. Both ally, in spite of the envious toads, which retire, and, in front of that alliance, harmony will reign supreme on earth and hatred will disappear. But the nightingale is killed, and Chantecler, betrayed by the pheasant, discovers that the sun can rise without his cocorico.

"The most awful pangs of sorrow and despair seize his soul, in seeing the object of his tremendous efforts destroyed in an instant, all crumbling down around them; everything in ruin: his life has been only a life of illusion. He is almost mad with pain. But suddenly, rallying his courage, he launches his cocorico with more vigor than ever. All at once the reality has replaced the illusion, and now he understands that his destiny is far superior to what he thought it was. No, no, it is not the light of the sun that he brings out, the physical light that we all can see, but it is the light that illumines the soul, it is the light that fights ignorance and sham, the cause of all evil, and creates the real man and the real woman.

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greatest among the great, for he foresees the future of humanity advancing painfully and slowly, it is true, but advancing towards a goal of happiness and justice. 'If each songster,' he says, 'in each country, in each tongue, sings to put one more star in the dark sky above us, some day there will be no more dark sky, some day we will have the great universal light, and darkness, that is to say, evil and ignorance, will be vanquished! Some day!'"

New Dramatic Books

MORITURI. Three One-Act Plays. By Hermann Sudermann. From the German by Archibald Alexander. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1910.

Sudermann is writing too much. Everybody is writing too much. Here are three little plays by a distinguished author that will be widely read because naturally they will be supposed to be worth reading. In "Teja" we have the young king of the Goths beleaguering a city with an insufficient and famished force. The Byzantine Eunuch has surrounded this little army, and they must perish unless ships arrive with food. The camp watchers are up there high on the Milchberg, with an outlook of twenty miles on the sea, to report the approach of the succoring fleet. It must be coming behind the Misenian hills. It comes, but the crafty Eunuch gathers it in. In the meanwhile Teja has been provided with a wife, a slip of a girl of the Griselda type or of the loving and submissive kind like Kaetschen of Heilbronn. He loves to kill; he is not of the loving sort. There is a more or less pretty scene in which he awakens to love. It would seem that in the end they all sally forth, men, women and children, to meet death by getting impaled on the spears of the Byzantine Eunuch. The idea of the play has its roots in mediaeval soil. It is wholly Teutonic. No doubt it is very pretty at bottom, if you can get to the bottom of it.

"Fritzchen," we may readily assume, concerns something German. Fritschen is the son of a retired Major and his wife. The wife is in delicate health and much disturbed by the infrequent visits of Fritzchen, a Lieutenant in a command stationed nearby. Agnes, her niece, is disturbed also. She should have married the young man, but the Major had told him to defer the matter, to go out into the world and get a little experience before thinking of a wife. The Major had been rather celebrated in army circles for his experiences, particularly with other men's wives. Fritzchen comes, but says that he must return forthwith. In an interview with his father he explains that when he goes he will not return. Why? He must die. The husband of a woman had driven him out of his wife's bedroom at three o'clock in the morning, and lashed him through the streets. He must kill himself after this humiliation unless a Court of Honor decides that he is entitled to fight a duel with the gentleman of the whip. The messenger arrives with the glad tidings that he will be allowed to fight. We have been told that the outraged husband is a dead shot, and when the young Lieutenant goes off it is to his death presumably, although the Major tells his son that his own nerve used to be steady in like circumstances. Sudermann's play "Die Ehre" was directed against false ideas of honor, so that "Fritzchen" may have a purpose.

The third play in this volume, "The Eternal Masculine," is fantastic. The Queen holds audience, with present, the Marquis in Pink, the Marquis in Pale Blue, the Sleepy Maid of Honor, the Deaf Maid of Honor, a Child as Cupid and the Painter. The Painter, in a private interview, is led to confess that he loves the Queen. The courtiers understand that she is in love with the Marshal, and say among themselves that the Painter will die for his temerity at the hands of that fierce person. The fierce person and the gentle Painter have an interview. The Painter is willing to die after painting his rival's portrait; the Marshal must feign to be killed, with a bloody sword by his side. The Queen enters and scorns both of them; the Painter will accompany the warrior to the fields of war, expecting to have his artistic tastes gratified by what he will see. The Queen goes off calling for Jean. Jean is the Valet. The Queen, it may be observed, has a King, but in this case the Queen takes neither the King nor the Knight, but the Pawn. Jean is the eternally Masculine. This

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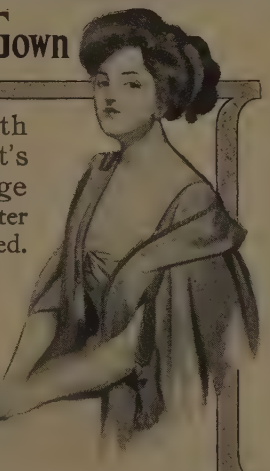

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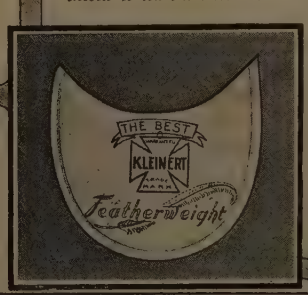

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In every locality where we have not yet appointed a district manager to look after our subscription interests, we offer a splendid opportunity to the right sort of person. We want a hustling, energetic man or woman who will put out our advertising booklets, collect renewals of expiring subscriptions, but most of all push out after new business. The work need not occupy more than your spare time, and if you possess the right sort of energy you will find it not only very interesting and pleasant but also exceptionally remunerative. Our district managers handle both of our magazines, *L'Art de la Mode* and *The Theatre Magazine*. If you have some time that you would like to turn into good money

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little play is probably a satire. It seems to be too fantastic to have modern application.

THE DRAMATIC INDEX for 1910 is the second annual issue of this valuable publication. A volume of 260 pages, bound in dark red buckram, the book forms a complete index to everything pertaining to the stage that has appeared in the periodicals in the English language during the year, and it claims to cover the entire field. All the general periodicals, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, are included, as well as several devoted to the stage especially. Owing to the great interest in the contemporary theatre, this Index should be invaluable in any library, or to anyone interested in the stage. It shows the authorship of plays produced, has criticisms, synopses of plot, record of first performances, illustrations of scenes, etc. All the portraits and notices concerning actors, actresses and playrights, are indexed, and the birth and death dates and full names are given where possible. The dramatic books of the year 1910 are also included, arranged in the same alphabet by subject, and usually a review or criticism of the book is recorded as well. The volume will help in staging pageants, outdoor plays, or arranging costume parties, for there is an index under the names of Shakespeare and grand opera characters to costume pictures that have appeared. As a book of reference for authorship of plays and full names of playrights and actors, it should be worth its price.

Boston Book Co. 1911. $3.50 net.

BOOKS RECEIVED

DAU'S NEW YORK BLUE BOOK, 1911. New York: Dau Publishing Co.

WHAT'S-HIS-NAME. By Geo. Barr McCutcheon. Price $1.20 net. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

New Victor Records

It is but six years since the management of the Tivoli Opera House in San Francisco first brought Tetrazzini to the attention of the English speaking world. Other countries had already discovered in her work qualities of supreme excellence; but it remained for San Francisco to make her "world famous." Her triumphs in London, New York and elsewhere are too well-known to require further mention. Tetrazzini's present tour, embracing twenty of the largest American cities, has been a succession of triumphs. Everywhere she is recognized as the true successor of Patti, and some rôles that made Patti famous have never been successfully sung since her retirement until Tetrazzini appeared upon the scene. The two Tetrazzini records issued this month are most interesting ones. The Proch air is one of the diva's most famous numbers, her singing of it approaching the marvelous; while the favorite *Last Rose*, being the first record to be sung in English, is certain to attract much attention.

The latest addition to the Victor's list of famous opera singers is Alma Gluck, the youngest of the Metropolitan Opera Company's prima donnas. The public knew very little of this young singer until one morning two years ago, when, after making her first appearance as Sophie in "Werther" at the Metropolitan, she awoke to find herself famous. Since that time she has sung in various operas with much success; among them "Bohème," "Pique Dame," "Orfeo," "Bartered Bride," "Faust," "Rheingold," etc. Mme. Gluck has agreed to make records *exclusively* for the Victor.

Signor Sammarco has a baritone voice of unusual richness and power. He is as much at home on the concert as on the operatic stage, and his first London recital last autumn was a brilliant success. His operatic repertoire is most extensive; among the rôles which he sings may be mentioned Falstaff, Iago, Rigoletto, Amonasro, Scarpia, Sharpless, Marcel, Jack Rance, Figaro and Germont. The records which we now issue, *Uocchie de suonno* (Sleepy Eyes), a Neapolitan Song by Costa, and *Adamastor, rè dell'onde profonde*, from Meyerbeer's "Africana," are perfect specimens of Sammarco's singing. All the roundness of tone, the volume, the perfect phrasing and technique for which he is celebrated, are perfectly reproduced.

It is curious that it should have been left to a French composer to find out the musical possibilities of our English hymns. What he has done with them is a striking testimony of the genius of Gounod, and his setting of the beautiful hymn, *There Is a Green Hill Far Away*, by Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-187—) is an admirable example of this skill. It is perhaps the most popular of all Gounod's sacred songs. Mme. Homer sings it with true devotional spirit; and her noble contralto is shown at its best.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

Queries Answered

Hazel C. B., Denver—Q.—Where was William Faversham born? A.—In London. Q.—Where was Florence Roberts born? A.—In New York City.

A. G. G., Roxbury, Mass.—Q.—What is the best method of getting a play before a manager? A.—Place it in the hands of a reliable playbroker.

Harriet—Q.—In what is H. B. Warner appearing? A.—In "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

Mrs. H. L. T., Knickerbocker—Q.—Have you published portraits of Geraldine Farrar in private dress or in "Madama Butterfly," and also of Elsie Janis in private dress? A.—Recent portraits of Miss Farrar in private dress appeared in the December, 1910, and January, 1907, numbers, and as "Madama Butterfly" in December, 1907. Recent portraits of Elsie Janis, in private dress, appeared in March, 1909, and in January, 1908.

A. L. H. S., 7th Avenue—Q.—Where is Mme. Bernhardt appearing at present and will she be seen again in New York before returning to France? A.—Mme. Bernhardt is touring the Pacific Coast, and we understand will fill another short engagement in New York before leaving this country.

Evelyn B.—Q.—Where and when was Jenny Lind born and when did she make her first appearance in America? A—In Stockholm, on October 6th, 1820. She made her first appearance in America in 1850.

E. L., Bryn Mawr—Q.—Is Frederick Warde still living? A.—Yes. Mr. Warde is at present appearing in the West in Shakespearian repertoire.

R. W. J., New York—Q.—Can you give me an outline of Miss Geraldine Farrar's life? A.—Born in Melrose, Mass., at the age of fourteen she went abroad to study. Lilli Lehmann was one of her teachers. Her first appearance in grand opera in America was on November 26th, 1906, when she appeared in "Romeo and Juliet." Since then she has become a regular member of the Metropolitan Opera House forces.

Frank Emerson—Q.—When was "The Easiest Way" first produced in New York and at what theatre? A.—In 1909, at the Stuyvesant Theatre. Q.—Kindly give the original cast of the play. A.—John Madison, Edward H. Robins; Willard Brockton, Joseph Kilgour; Jim Weston, William Sampson; Laura Murdock, Frances Starr; Elfie St. Clair, Laura Nelson Hall; Annie, Emma Dunn. Q.—Where can I purchase scenes from the play? A.—We reproduced several in our March, 1909, issue. This number may be purchased at the offices of this magazine, 10 West 38th Street, New York.

Miss H. B. T., Buffalo—To obtain an extra part, temporarily, in a play while in your city, you might apply to the management of the company you wish to be placed with.

H. M., Milwaukee, Wis.—"The Jesters" is the name of the play in which Maude Adams appeared the early part of 1908. She opened in it at the Empire Theatre on January 15th. Miguel Zamacois is the author of the original and it was adapted by John Raphael.

Elise H. W.—For the names of playbrokers consult our advertising columns. A play, when submitted to be read, should be typewritten and the dialogue given in detail.

H. L. Hentz, Brooklyn—The picture of Mrs. Annie Yeamans, which you describe, shows her in the character of Mrs. Sophie Adams in "The Echo." She was seen in this play at the Globe Theatre, New York, in August, 1910.

M. C. A., Chicago—Q.—Who are the authors of the following plays: "The Rose of the Rancho," "Madame X" and "Divorçons"? A.—David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully wrote "The Rose of the Rancho." "Madame X" was written by Alexander Bisson and adapted for the English stage by John Raphael. "Divorçons" by Victorien Sardou.

Julia—Q.—Please give me a short account of the life of Frederick Lewis. A.—Frederick Lewis was born in Oswego, New York. His early stage training was gained with traveling companies, and in 1897 he made his first appearance in New York in a one-act play, entitled "When a Man's Married." He was next seen in "The Prisoner of Zenda," "My Friend from India," "The Heart of Maryland," "Ghosts," "As You Like It," "The Raven," "When We Dead Awake," and was leading man with E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe.

A. L. H., Waterbury, Ct.—Q.—Have you published a picture of Christine Neilson? A.—Yes, in August, 1910.

R. D. F., Johnstown, Pa.—Q.—Have you any photographs or art pictures of Mme. Bernhardt for sale? A.—We have reproduced many portraits of Mme. Bernhardt in our pages. In our January, 1911, issue several appeared. We regret we are unable to tell you where the original photographs may be purchased.

M. T., Cortland—Q.—Have you published an autobiography of Julia Marlowe in book form? A.—We have not, but we have several times given short sketches of her career in this column.

H. H., Spokane—As we have often repeated, the only way we can suggest to you to obtain a position on the stage is by applying to managers of the different companies or to dramatic agencies.

Wm. A. G., Brooklyn—Q.—In what numbers have you published articles and pictures about the dancers, Mlle. Pavlowa and Mlle. Genée? A.—An article entitled "A Private Rehearsal with the Russian Dancers," and which gives much space to Mlle. Pavlowa, appeared in our December, 1910, issue. It is illustrated with many portraits. In March, 1908, appeared an illustrated article, entitled "Mlle. Genée, of the Twinkling Feet."

C. W. G.—Q.—What is the price of your 1908 numbers? A.—50 cents per copy. Q.—When did you recently publish a portrait of Julia Marlowe? A.—In January, 1911, as Lady Macbeth.

W. C. J., Waco, Texas—Q.—What was the maiden name of Mrs. Patrick Campbell? A.—Beatrice Stella Tanner.

E. T. H., St. Louis—Q.—In what is Blanche Ring appearing? A.—In "The Yankee Girl."

M. D., Washington, D. C.—We are unable to tell you where the original photographs of players may be purchased.

O. K., Detroit—Q.—How may I secure a position on the stage? A.—As we have often repeated, the best way is through a dramatic agency. Q.—In what is Christie MacDonald now playing? A.—In "The Spring Maid," at the Liberty Theatre, New York.

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FINALLY, one by one, you will discover the host of *little things* that complete the beauty and comfort of Carter's—too many to be set down here but known and delighted in by three generations of wearers.

May we send you this exquisite silk corsage sachet?

We have made up from our new silk fabric some dainty little corsage sachets filled with a delicate sachet powder imported exclusively for us. One will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in stamps. We put this price on them simply to keep out irresponsible requests. Address Department

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Domestic simplicity is typical of the sturdy Germans' home life. The American people are recognizing the value of the Teutonic diet, and are fast adopting it.

BLATZ adds zest and relish to the plainest diet; and is a food in itself. Incomparable in its individual goodness, character and uniformity.

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet. Insist on "BLATZ."

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Miss Christie MacDONALD

who has scored the greatest triumph of the season in the Musical Comedy success

"THE SPRING MAID"

SAYS OF THE

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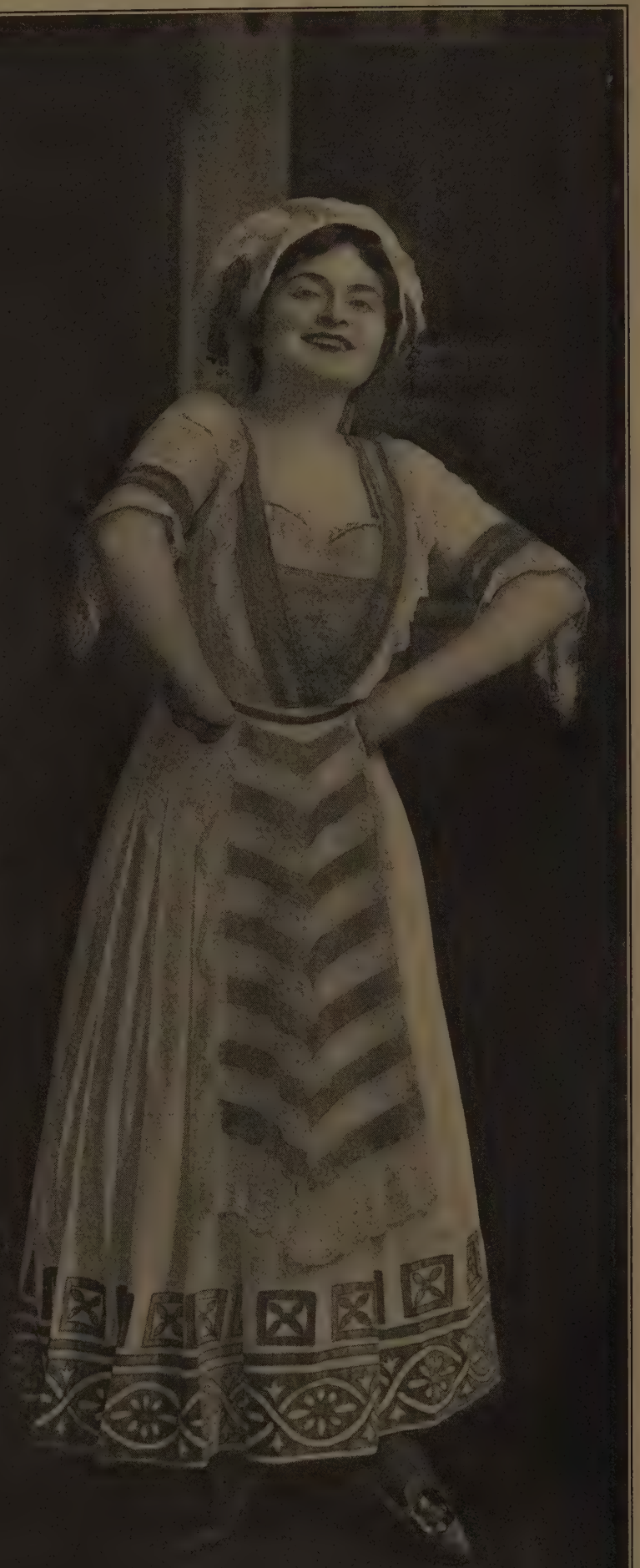

Messrs Haines Bros.
Gentlemen
Permit me to Compliment you on the beautiful tone quality of your pianos
As an accompaniment for the voice, it is exquisite
Very truly Yours
Christie MacDonald
May 4th 1911

HAINES BROS.

Write for Portraits of Twenty Musical Celebrities

439 Fifth Ave. NEW YORK

OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT

Photo Felix

COLONNA RAMANO IN A COSTUME OF WHITE MOUSSELINE DE SOIE WITH A BEADED NET TUNIC

Comments and Criticisms on Women and Fashions

Photo Felix
Mlle. Lucienne Guiett as Josephine in "Rivoli" at the Odéon. Deshabille of pale green mousseline de soie, ornamented with a band of emerald green with crystal embroidery

NOW that every one is arrayed in all the glory of the new spring costumes, it is opportune to call attention to a defect in dressing, which is becoming all too prominent. For years American women, and especially those who live in New York, have rejoiced in the reputation of being among the best dressed women in the world.

Is the New York woman to-day living upon a past reputation? Does she think that having once gained that reputation it is unnecessary to continue the line of conduct that will continue to deserve it? Certainly, such would seem to be the case, judging from the women to be seen upon the fashionable promenades, at the theatres, and at the favorite rendezvous for five o'clock tea.

It is not that their garments are not just as fashionable as ever, for they certainly are up to the top notch of the present-day styles, so far as shapes are concerned. Indeed, one sees more women arrayed in the prevailing fashions than ever before.

However, there is a monotony about these very shapes that is far from admirable. Women of all ages and figures array themselves in styles that are best suited to the girl of sixteen years.

The woman who is more than the average thirty-six figure should think twice before she adopts a skirt that is more than two inches from the ground. She should ere now have realized that the coat that is intended to produce attractive figure lines in the slightly developed woman will, unless built upon different lines, produce the same results with her already too redundant flesh.

But it is not alone the choice of styles inappropriate to her figure, of which the average woman is guilty. In her great desire to appear clad in the latest shapes, she selects for their exploitation materials of such poor quality that not only do they scarcely last a season, but become wrinkled and creased after being worn a few times. This has been particularly noticeable during the past two months in the new tailored suits made of black satin and dark blue serge.

Time was when the American woman's great aim was to be well groomed, to present that neat, tidy, trim appearance that is the hallmark of the well-dressed man. The present-day styles in women's tailored suits are admirably adapted to set off to the greatest advantage this well-groomed appearance, and the lack of it is therefore all the more remarkable.

"Conspicuously well dressed" was the phrase recently used by a newspaper reporter in describing the costuming of certain well-known residents of Washington. Now a well-dressed woman ought not to be conspicuous in the ordinary acceptance of the term. She may be distinguished by the elegance of her attire and manner. But that she is conspicuous, quickly visible, only goes to prove

Photo Felix
Costume of wool voile worn by Mlle. Barelly, showing the happy combination of printed with plain voile

Lenthéric

THE KING OF PERFUMERS

J'adore les parfums, particulièrement ceux de Lenthéric
Janvier 1911 Mlle Chenal

(Translation)

Mademoiselle M. Chenal of the Grand Opera, Paris, says:

"I love Perfumes, especially those of Lenthéric."

Lenthéric

245 RUE ST. HONORÉ

PARIS

GENUINE HAND-LOOM CHINESE PONGEES and JAPANESE WASH SILKS UNSURPASSED FOR STYLE and DURABILITY FOR SUMMER GOWNS

THERE is always a place in the well appointed wardrobe for one or more suits of Chinese Pongee. It makes the most serviceable costumes, shedding the dust easily, and neither creasing nor crushing. It fills the paradoxical position of being both appropriate for the strictly tailored suit, or for wear in the morning and on informal occasions, as well as for the more dressy afternoon costumes.

Chinese Pongee is a handloom material which is delightfully soft and clinging, and yet with sufficient body to hold the tailored lines well. Motor coats made in this material of heavier weight are likewise most appropriate. Chinese Pongees can be obtained in the natural color 34 inches wide from $1.00 to $4.50 per yard.

The very attractive Pongee Crêpes come in all colors. Soft and very silky, 27 inches wide, $2.00 a yard.

Canton silks are a little rougher than the Pongee and have a higher lustre. They are very smart to wear into town during the Summer for luncheon or an afternoon bridge. Come in thirty-seven different shades, 27 inches wide, selling for $1.25 a yard.

In genuine Oriental wash silks the greatest variety of neat stripes and checks is obtainable. These silks, though imitated, have never been equalled by the products of the domestic manufacturer. They are superior for outing suits, shirt waists, children's dresses and men's shirts; 27 to 32 inches wide, 75c. to $1.50 a yard.

Printed Habutai silks are especially favored this season for their adaptability to the soft draping effects of prevailing fashions. They are sent from Japan to Lyons to be printed and dyed in the exclusive designs sold only at Vantine's. They are also made rainproof.

Both beauty and serviceability are combined in this delectable material, as they are light, strong and durable. Habutai silks are inexpensive, 27 inches wide, selling from 85c. to $1.75 a yard.

You will enjoy a visit to the store, and a personal examination of our exclusive dress fabrics, and this is cordially urged. If it is not possible to call, we will be pleased to send you samples of the particular silks in which you are most interested. State your preference in colorings and weaves, and liberal samples will be mailed you at once.

Our Mail Order Department is at your service. Address Department "G."

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FROM JAPAN
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Vantine's

THE ORIENTAL STORE

877-879 Broadway, New York

Also Boston and Philadelphia

Photo Felix
Mlle. V. Lavergne in a wrap of silk broche, interwoven with gold threads, and scarf of heavy lace

the fact that the majority of women are not well dressed.

It is the lack of elegance, both in attire and manner, that is so much to be deplored. It is women's insensate desire for something new, something quite different from what she has had before in the way of attire, that is at the bottom of the lack of elegance in the present-day fashions. This is the opinion of no less an authority than the great Worth, of Paris. But these same styles can be made elegant, can be adapted to the requirements of the most refined of American ladies. As I have said many times before, a two-yard skirt can be cut so that it is by no means vulgar. But many of them are not so cut, and that they are not so cut is because the women evidently like them as they are.

It may be said in reply that the French models brought over this season were of this nature. I grant you that the majority of them were. But I venture to say that the American lady who arrays herself in skirts of such description while in the French capital this summer, will either be mistaken for a *demi-mondaine,* or with a shrug of the shoulders will be dismissed as "an American." For French ladies have not adopted the extremely narrow skirts.

When Madame Callot was asked at the beginning of the spring season why her models were so extremely narrow, scarcely one yard and a half, when French ladies at the race course were wearing them fully two yards, she replied, "This collection is for the foreigners. To-day, every American buyer wants extreme things. That fish-scale costume to which you object we did not expect to sell, it certainly is extreme, but we have taken one order on it for your native town."

Now, whoever is engaged in the distribution of feminine fashions, whether it be the Paris dressmaker or the American merchant, caters to the taste of his trade. So if the American buyer did not believe that the French models he brings over would suit his trade, he would bring something else. To be sure, the American merchant who makes his annual or semi-annual trip to Paris has little, if any, chance of seeing the more elegant of French ladies. When he does encounter them he passes them by with scarcely a glance. But he makes copious notes of the costumes and millinery worn by the mannequins sent out by even the third rate dressmaking establishments, or certain of the new establishments who crave the free advertising that is certain to come to them by the launching of eccentric modes.

Furthermore, instead of trying to find out what the American ladies resident in Paris are wearing, when in the fashionable restaurants, he glues his eyes upon the some more or less notorious American girl, who has made the latest sensational marriage to one of our multimillionaires, and whose face has become familiar to him through its many reproductions in the sensational daily papers. The majority of buyers are of this ilk, and those who are not deplore both the fact and the method. They ask why should they gaze with awe and wonder at some chit of a girl, and think to gain fashion suggestions from the attire of one the horizon of whose wardrobe was so recently bounded by the shirt waist and the sailor hat.

These same perspicacious buyers declare that they can judge of the costumes worn by the mannequins much better in the salons of the great dressmakers, their fitting environment, than at the race courses.

To sum up, when the majority of American women indicate by their purchases that they want the more refined and elegant Paris fashions, the American buyer will perforce cater to that desire, and not until then. When in the same manner they indicate that they appreciate the fashion value of fine quality of materials they will regain something of their old prestige of being well-dressed women.

Photo Felix
Costume worn by Mlle. Destrelles, of straw colored satin veiled with mousseline de soie of the same shade; a wide band of bead embroidery ornaments the corsage and tunic. Wrap of Eastern printed cachemire de soie

A Testimonial from
Mme. Sarah Bernhardt

Messrs. Hall & Ruckel,
Proprietors of Sozodont.
Gentlemen:

In reply to your favor: I regard your Sozodont as most delightful and indispensable in the care of the teeth—the only dentifrice of international reputation.

Yours truly,

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's triumphal tour is an epoch making event in the annals of the stage. In Berkeley, Cal., she played at the Greek Open Air Theatre on May ninth before an audience of nine thousand people.

For 64 Years the International Dentifrice

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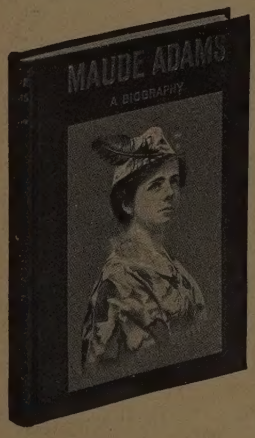

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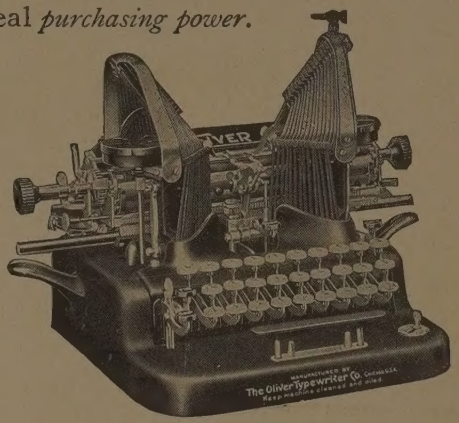

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Because the American woman has had the idea instilled into her mind that imported fabrics are the best, there is a vast quantity of materials being passed out to her at imported prices that never paid revenue to Uncle Sam. What do you think of a merchant buying velvet for $1.25 a yard and selling it to you for $4.50, $5 and even $7? Or a broadcloth at $1.45, for which you are asked $3.50? How do you know when you ask for imported fabrics that you are getting them? Isn't it time you woke up and did something about it?

Do you imagine that the lowering of the tariff is going to make the materials for your gowns cheaper? If you do, I am afraid that you will find that you are sadly mistaken, for the bulk of the materials worn in this country are made here. Because you insist upon Scotch tweeds, English homespuns, French broadcloths and silks you enable the retailer to take a greater profit than he is justly entitled to on domestic made goods.

There is a new material coming out this autumn. It is called wool velours. Now the best made in this country is better than any made abroad. It is a soft, uncrushable wool fabric that, in its finish, somewhat resembles velvet, for it has that same soft bloom. You ought to be able to buy this splendid quality of wool velours for $4 a yard, but it is dollars to doughnuts that you will be asked $5 or $6 for it, and told that it is imported.

Our grandmothers were judges of fabrics. The woman of to-day takes the word of the man behind the counter, or depends upon the reputation of the firm.

That is all very well, you say, when goods are bought by the yard, but what are you going to do when you buy a ready-made garment? How is one to judge of the quality? Well, if your eye and your finger are not educated up to quality, then you must depend upon the guarantee of the establishment from which you buy. If women were as insistent as men are about buying dependable quality in their ready-to-wear suits, they would get what they demand. But the majority of women want a stylish suit at a price. They sacrifice quality of material to trimming.

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METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA
GENERAL MANAGER

JOHN BROWN
BUSINESS COMPTROLLER

NEW YORK, June 6th. 1910.

Publishers, The Theatre Magazine,
New York, City, N.Y.

Gentlemen:-

It is with pleasure that I enclose herewith signed contract for the Metropolitan Opera House programme privilege, commencing with the season 1911-1912, which was awarded to you at a recent meeting of the Board.

In giving you this contract over all competitors, we had in mind the high standard of The Theatre Magazine, and we know that the Programme which you will furnish will be up to your artistic standard---in fact we feel sure that The Theatre Magazine will suffer by comparison.

Yours very truly,

BUSINESS COMPTROLLER.

It is hardly necessary to draw your attention to the value of the Opera Programme as an exceptional advertising medium.

The Metropolitan Opera House is to-day an international institution. The programme, therefore, is no longer a local proposition.

People from all over the world come to New York to hear the greatest singers and to see the finest operatic productions. These people constitute an exceptionally desirable class of buyers.

The new programme, which will be handed out to opera-goers beginning with the season 1911-1912, will be a gem of the printer's art and entirely different from anything yet attempted at that house. No high class advertiser can afford to overlook it.

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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

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And it is the time and skill and experience of an organization of experts that have made the Armour Toilet Articles pre-eminent in quality and in public favor.

The expert chemist seeking new and rare perfumes in our laboratories, the workman watching the mechanical processes—each in his line is the best craftsman obtainable. Time, labor, expense, are secondary considerations. Perfection is the only aim. And you will agree that perfection has been reached if you'll try any of the articles listed below.

Sylvan Soap

represents the perfection of modern toilet-soap production. It is scientifically prepared and chemically pure.

It cleanses perfectly, yet with so gentle a touch that the most tender skin is soothed. And it leaves the skin softened, vitalized—glowing with the bloom of health.

Delicate, distinctive perfumes lend to Sylvan the last touch of desirability. You may choose from six of these—heliotrope, carnation, violet, lilac, sandalwood and rose.

Yet, though the most dainty could demand no more, the price is but 10c the cake at your dealer's.

Auditorium Bath Soap

An extra large oval white cake, lathering freely, and agreeably perfumed. Absolutely pure and handy to use.

Supertar

has been aptly termed "The best friend of the hair."

For a Supertar shampoo stimulates, while thoroughly cleansing the scalp. It is a foe to dandruff and similar affections which destroy the hair. And it leaves the hair soft, fluffy, lustrous, "live."

Supertar lathers instantly—rich and snowy white—in hard or soft water. And it affords an ideal massage for the scalp.

Pressed, thoroughly seasoned and free from excess moisture, it long outlasts ordinary shampoo soaps, of which a large part wastes away with each day's use. Let your hair have the delight of a perfect Supertar shampoo.

Transparosa

is a clear, transparent soap, every glint of light in whose amber depths sends back a message of purity to the skin.

It is perfumed with a wonderfully delicate yet lasting attar of roses, which it took thousands of tests to perfect.

Sylvan Toilet Talcum Powder

is of exceptional high quality and light as thistledown.

It is borated and antiseptic, and most beneficial in cases of chafed, irritated skin, sunburn, prickly heat or chapped hands. It affords a delightful aftermath to a shave or a bath, and is invisible on application.

No other powder has ever approached it in delicacy of fragrance. There are five odors—violet, carnation, lilac, heliotrope and sandalwood. It is sold by all druggists.

DEALERS everywhere carry Armour Toilet Articles. Try one, or better still, try all of those listed above. Each is its own best advocate. Each is the utmost of its kind. No other such articles exist, for no other such organization exists, and it is through the Armour organization only that toilet accessories of the Armour standard can be produced. But the proof is in their use. And we are content to abide by your judgment.

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